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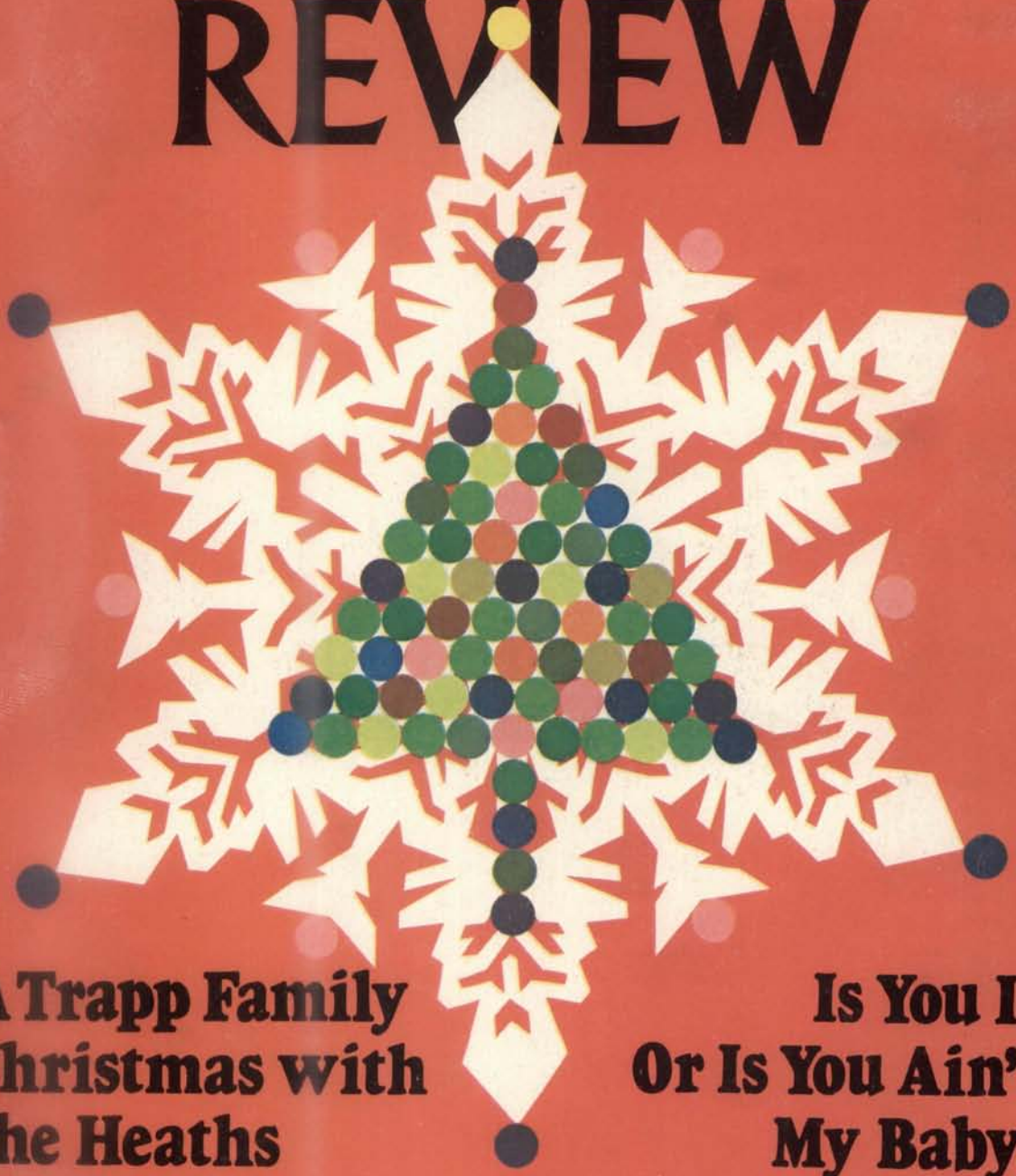

A Trapp Family Christmas with the Heaths

ALOISE B. HEATH

Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?

JOHN A. MILES JR.

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Alton Ochsner, M.D.

ON THE ROLE OF VITAMINS C AND E IN MEDICINE

A world-famous surgeon tells you how and why he uses these two essential vitamins

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *Dr. Ochsner is one of the outstanding international leaders in modern medical progress. Now Emeritus Professor of Surgery at Tulane University School of Medicine, he maintains an active practice at the famed Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans. As a member of our Editorial Board, we have asked him, out of his unique long personal experience with vitamins C and E, to tell you how and why he uses them.*

—Richard Stanton

The American public has become very health-conscious which is extremely desirable because most of us, when we arrive in this troubled world, are endowed with the most marvelously efficient mechanism ever devised, and much depends on us whether this mechanism will function properly and last without becoming prematurely obsolete.

No longer is longevity the principal consideration, and rightly so, because the desideratum is healthy and useful life as long as possible. Because of the health-consciousness of the public, people are avid for information concerning their health and factors which may improve it. It is inconsistent, however, that individuals concerned about remaining healthy and prolonging a useful life, adopt practices which are definitely known to accelerate aging, produce disabling illness, and shorten life. These are the use of tobacco, the abuse of alcohol, and excesses of all kinds.

Vitamin use has been a controversial subject for a number of years, and although vitamin deficiency is extremely undesirable, can be hazardous and even fatal, often vitamins are used when they are not needed. However, with advancing age it is probably desirable to use vitamin supplements because of de-

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John Yudkin, M.D.: On "This Slimming Business" . . . The truth about the prevention and cure of overweight!

Linus Pauling, Ph.D.: What about Vitamin E? Eminent investigators now suspect it may be one of the key factors to help resist disease and slow the aging process.

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Mark D. Altschule, M.D.: Is it true what they say about cholesterol? Do so many of our favorite foods, such as eggs, that contain cholesterol increase your risk of heart disease? Or are those TV ads for "substitute" foods that loudly proclaim: "No cholesterol, no animal fat" a lot of pseudo-scientific nonsense?

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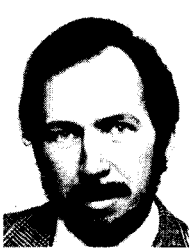

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If the Trapps can do it, reasoned Mrs. Heath, reasonably enough, why not the Heaths? She got her answer, and relayed it to the world—in a piece that has delighted so many readers that, at their request, we are offering it once again.
Aloïse B. Heath

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"No regrets, no regrets at *all*," says Murph. He's one of the seven young people from the Buckley campaign who met in Nassau to discuss what went wrong and where to go from here. Murph wasn't being totally honest: there were plenty of regrets; but the cause, as Jim Buckley said on election night, goes on, and the members of the *NR* Youth Seminar say they'll be part of it.
Christopher Buckley

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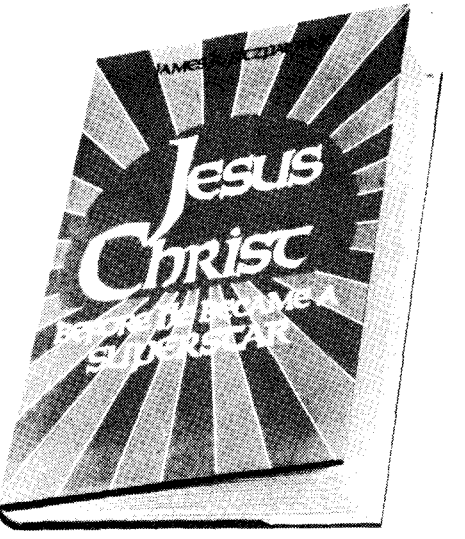
Jesus Christ Before He Became a Superstar



James K. Fitzpatrick reminds the updaters of what Christianity really means

What did Jesus have to say about ree sex? About "liberation" theology? ituation ethics? Women's lib? Marx- sm? Punishment for sin? God?

A brilliant young writer, frankly dis- urbed, searched the Scriptures. What e found will shake up everyone who alls himself a "modern" Christian—and ortify every traditional Christian.

Mr. Fitzpatrick went back to the vords of Christ. He puts these words ide by side with the words of dozens of oday's culture heroes, including:

Bonhoeffer	Gutierrez
Cox	Mencken
Freud	Bultmann
Marx	Gregory Baum
Teilhard	Albee
Tillich	Skinner
Bishop Moore	Fletcher
Bishop Pike	Martin Marty
Bishop Robinson	Leslie Dewart
Daniel Callahan	Andrew Greeley
Malcolm Boyd	Sartre

The result is a book that provides a owerful refutation of everyone who vould put Christ in the service of secu- ar humanism... relativism... the New heology... the New Morality.

Fitzpatrick gives off sparks on every age:

- "*Prayer.* It seems to me the key. Does a progressive cleric *really* pray? Or does he try to get us all to join in a collective consciousness raising?"
- How the New Theology relates to the growing contempt of Americans for their own country.
- Another "religious" experience from Harvey Cox: nude swimming.
- Why a Christian may not espouse the central demand of women's lib.
- At the New Mass, the priest faces the people. Gregory Baum, embar- rassingly candid, gives the game away.

If James Fitzpatrick had only mar- shalled the words of Christ to hurl back at those who would disfigure Him, he would have the gratitude of every trou- bled Christian. But he does more. He *feels* the distress of concerned Christians when they see their faith turned into travesty. Feeling the same distress, he shows us how he over- came it. His words are a lifeline.

Is this man the new C. S. Lewis?

"Those who think that this will be a more gentle and introspective world once Christ has been 'demythologiz- ed' should remember what the people of Europe were like, and what kinds of gods they followed, before they bent their knees to Christ."

* * *

"Women should not be fooled by the openminded friend- ship of *Playboy* and that ilk; the women's lib movement is right up their alley. A separation of sex, love, and new life is what they have been preaching all along. It doesn't bother them a fig if their sex-objects think themselves 'liberated' rather than 'oppressed' the morning after a 'meaningful encounter.'"

* * *

"I have been at many social gatherings where liberated clerics poke fun at the oldfashioned notions they have thrown off in the last five or so years. Makes you see why Catholics had an *Index* for so long. If a man's faith cannot take two night courses at Hunter or Berkeley, then he does need protection."

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Letters

The GOP and Labor

Robert Novak's thoughtful and analytical postmortem on the presidential election ["Fiasco '76," Dec. 31] includes some penetrating insights on a major dilemma the GOP faces. Mr. Novak puts it this way: "In his heart [the country-club Republican] feels that the real threat to his nation comes not from Leonid Brezhnev but from George Meany." This is true, and until Republicans find a way to appeal to the blue-collar class, they will go on losing elections they might easily have won.

Conservatives tend to scoff at the unions for continuing to use the "scab, class-warfare, company-store" rhetoric of industrial battles long past when the issues under negotiation are contemporaneous: pension plans, fringe benefits, automation. But most Republicans have an equally stereotyped view of labor. The plumber down the street who owns his home, runs two cars, and has three children in college has the same problems and should be the natural ally of the man who owns the local drugstore. The GOP has got to make him understand that, and it can't be done by scattergun attacks on Big Labor, as the conservatives like to call it.

Mr. Novak's harsh words about Gerald Ford as President and presidential campaigner are, I'm afraid, only too true.

Minneapolis, Minn. MATILDA JENSEN

Ethnic Reversal

Chilton Williamson Jr. ["Twilight of the WASP," Dec. 10] describes a game that has amused my dull moments for the last decade. Take almost any one of the veritable blizzard of statements of ethnic pride, solidarity, and/or assertiveness which befoul the intellectual atmosphere of the Seventies, alter it to fit White Anglo-Saxon Protestantism, and imagine the reaction of America's Leading Thinkers!

Williamson has missed the final touch, however. Any such altered statement would provide an example of what is otherwise undefinable for Leading Thinkers: it would be a sure indicator of *fascism*.

Troy, Ala. JOHN W. BOWLING

Decline of the West?

Jean Gimpel, in his article "The Greyin of America" [Nov. 26], sets forth an interesting and superficially plausible parallel between medieval Europe and present day America. Unfortunately, he seem to misdate the medieval economic depression by some fifty years, and this lead to a distortion of medieval history.

With certain local exceptions, the prosperity that he speaks of as typical of the eleventh to thirteenth centuries continued well into the fourteenth. There was certainly an economic decline in the second half of the fourteenth century, but it must be remembered that the Black Death first struck Europe in 1347, with recurrences throughout the rest of the century; estimates of the number of people killed range up to 40 per cent of the total population. In northern Europe (which I gather is what Mr. Gimpel means by Europe) one must also take into account the economic dislocation caused by the Hundred Years' War (1337-1453). Furthermore, it is arguable that many of the economic problems that existed in the early fourteenth century were caused precisely by prosperity and technology.

The entire period from the eleventh through the fourteenth century was characterized by the development of new applications of wind and water power (a detailed in Lynn White's book *Medieval Technology and Social Change*), which supplanted human muscle to a considerable degree. Moreover, the labor needed by the new technology was often needed in a very different location: for example the acceptance of the water-powered fulling mill changed English cloth manufacture from an urban to a rural industry.

The breaking up of large estates and the increase in the number of *rentiers* was also largely the result of prosperity. As agriculture became increasingly prosperous, serfs were more and more able to buy their freedom and hold their land on a rental basis; in addition, landowners found such arrangements more and more necessary to keep serfs from leaving the land for the towns.

I realize that it is impossible to speak

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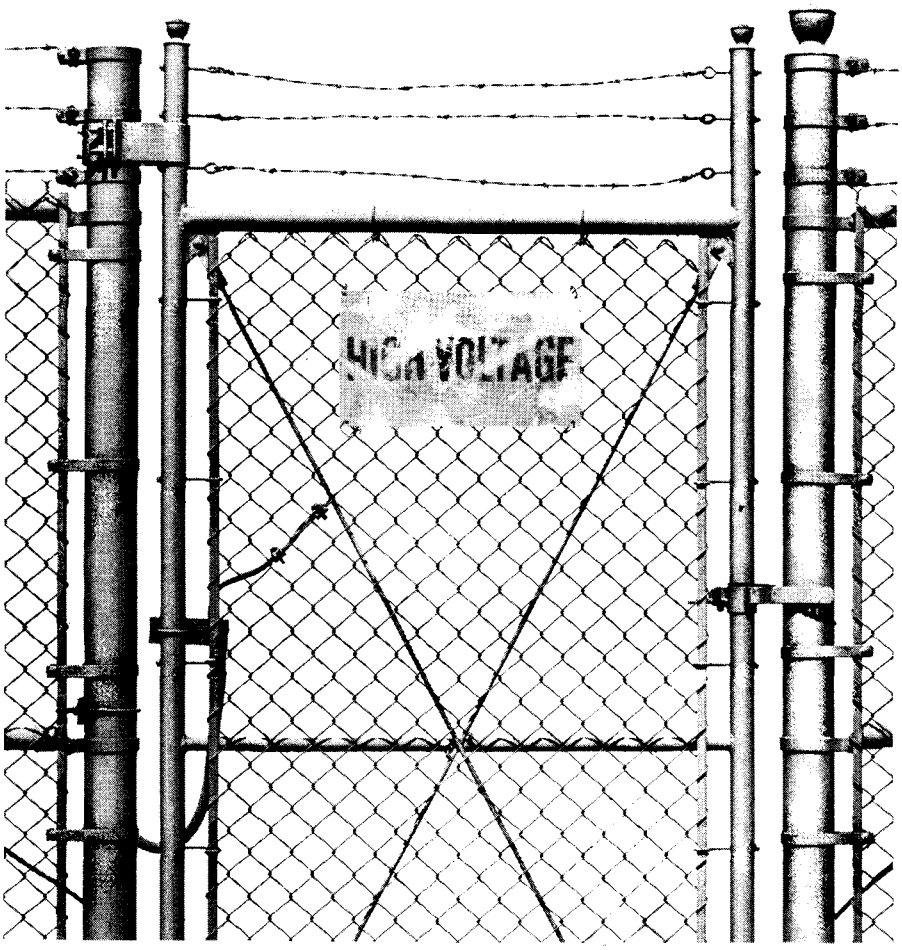

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of "medieval Europe" as if it were a singl entity with a uniform history. Nor, c course, was the plague responsible for a economic difficulties in medieval Europ However, speaking of the general ec nomic collapse without mentioning the e ternal factors of war and disease is a va oversimplification. I do not know to wh extent the modern half of Mr. Gimpe parallel is defensible, but the mediev half does not buttress his argument.

New York, N.Y. ALICE V. MANNI

Mr. Gimpel is correct in suggesting tl necessity of having a positive psycholog cal drive in order to perpetuate a partici lar value system. He does not seem recognize, however, that the precipitou decline of moral values and the emerg ence of nihilism and self-criticism in Am erica today may be attributable not to th lack of technological growth but rather t its rampant spread. Fundamental humai values have been dwarfed by the ubiquity of mechanization. The drudgery of the as sembly line and the meretriciousness o the lopsided emphasis on money have re sulted inevitably in the spread of aliena tion. It is no wonder that so many ind viduals are rejecting the artificial robot-lik ambiance of modern technology and re turning to the most basic aspect of huma existence, nature. Mr. Gimpel's call fo reducing the environmentalists' influen in the governmental process would be th most reactionary approach to our problem

Corpus Christi, Tex. HERB CANALI

What in heck happened to Jean Gimpe Seriously. The depth and flow of his i sights made me sincerely sorry to see th end of his article approaching.

But, wow, how he pulled out the ru when he reached the last three paragraph I was set up waiting for him, on a lev comparable with the fine job he did in e plaining the problem, to reveal at lor last an ultimate action plan for restorin the Invisible Hand. Instead, what we re ceived was just another slap in the fac with the Heavy Hand of yet more goverr ment "assistance." Come on, Mr. Gimpe —a Five Year Plan?

Harvard, Mass. RICHARD A. JONE

An Enemy of Authority

In spite of my better judgment, I jus finished reading M. J. Sobran Jr.'s Octo ber 15 review of *Authority and Its Ene mies* by Thomas Molnar. (The title alon is enough to make one physically ill.)

In case you're keeping score, count m on the side of the enemies of authority In my opinion, the view of Robert Wol (cited in the review) to the effect tha there is neither a right to command nor duty to obey makes a lot more sense tha the sniveling nonsense that comprises Sc bran's slavish review of the book.

The only reason I obey a law or regu lation is either 1) I agree with the statu or regulation, or 2) to keep out of cou

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. . . Noah Webster, that is. In 1828, he published his *American Dictionary of the English Language* which he hoped would have a beneficial effect on morals and patriotism as well as comprehensibility. This was the year in which Robert Rintoul founded the **Spectator** with high hopes for its contribution to British political and cultural life. Certainly those who appreciated the former would have enjoyed the latter and both have established, on different sides of the Atlantic, a reputation for authoritative information which has survived the years. Modern Americans can easily have access to both. The **Spectator** provides weekly a view from the other side of the Atlantic on politics, foreign affairs, the arts and literature.

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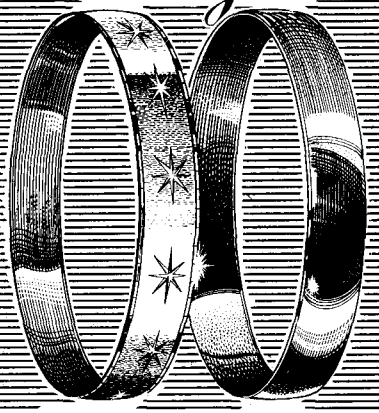

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and/or jail. Respect should be accorded governmental legislation and its administrators only on an individual basis.

If either T. Molnar or M. Sobran wants to do something useful, one of them could write a treatise calling for the revocation of the legal doctrine that "the king can do no wrong." This pernicious doctrine has resulted in the present state of affairs wherein it is difficult, if not impossible, to sue governmental employees for their torts and malicious errors. Thus Treasury agents can burst into your house at night, tear the place up, terrorize you, and there's not a blessed thing that you can do about it after it's over.

The most monstrous injustices in history have been perpetrated by governments and their functionaries, usually in the name of Western civilization, the faith, or some other colossal fraud.

Sunnyvale, Calif. LEONARD W. WILLIAMS

The Power of God

When Malachi Martin in his Nov. 26 column stated, "If the Bishop of Rome and his See were to cease forever, there would shortly after be no more Christianity of any kind on this planet," he gave evidence that he knows neither the role of the Bishop of Rome nor the power of God.

Leominster, Mass. JANE THAYER

How specifically left out are the Jews from Mr. Malachi B. Martin's column on "Pride and Prejudice"! Mr. Martin's conceptual abilities are definitely limited, as is his scope of thought. Oh well, "We all lack the sensitivity of love and the perception only love can make fruitful even in harsh climates." Sound familiar? Do the "homogeneous Catholics" remember their own homogeneous Spanish Inquisition? That, Mr. Martin, was brought on by our "exclusive veto power by love over all other emotions that are adversaries of the mutual understanding that Catholics and [everyone else] so vitally need."

Malachi, what your article as well as your thinking, understanding, and intent lack is: common love for all. You should retitle your article simply, "Prejudice."

Lutz, Fla. JACK ROTH

Taking Issue

Harvey Phillips ["Futures Past," Nov. 12] saw a lot of things in *Logan's Run* that we didn't put there. Those "Buckminster Fullerish domes . . . connected by steeply angled ramps up and down which glide . . . 23rd century conveyances" sound like Phillips dozed off and dreamed of the Trylon and Perisphere World's Fair. We didn't have them—or "transportation belts" either. Buck Rogers, maybe.

His judgment that our matte paintings and composites were inferior to others is a blow, of course, and his assertion that we were imitating the Statue of Liberty scene in *Planet of the Apes* is mean because he implies a shoddy motive. As it happens, none of us had seen *Planet of the Apes* at that time. But if we had, I'd afraid we'd have gone ahead anyhow. Ou model was Angkor Wat, Mr. Phillip Does that make it worse?

Logan's Run was intended as a colorfu entertainment for young people. If M Phillips took it as a serious effort a prophecy, he probably takes Sinbad a serious history. Relax, Mr. Phillips, an eat the popcorn.

Culver City, Calif. SAUL DAVI Metro-Goldwyn-Maye

Detente and Defense

I hesitate to dispute statements made by former head of the Defense Intelligenc Agency, but one sentence in "Detent Adieu" by Daniel Graham [Sept. 3] strike me as very odd: "In an exchange agains population centers the U.S., having neithe effective civil defense nor active ABM de fense, is faced with suffering seventy t eighty million casualties (the Soviet would suffer no more than seven or eigh million)." This flies in the face of com mon sense.

A nuclear war would not have to b limited to "population centers." After al we have thousands of bombs, and mo Russians do not live in large cities. W could blanket European Russia with hy drogen bombs at intervals of twenty mile destroy virtually every structure betwee Poland and the Urals, and render the lan uninhabitable for many years—couldn

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ve? Why ever not? This would take about ,700 bombs; there would be plenty left for oncentration on Moscow, Leningrad, and ther industrial and military targets. What ort of civil defense do they have, or what ort *could* they have, that would ensure 6 per cent survival after such an attack?

Even if most of the people survived the ttack itself, how would they grow and arvest crops? How would they get rough the winter? The survivors would merge from their bomb shelters and find emselves, if not in the stone age, at east in the eighteenth century.

Now, if I am wrong about all this, if ey really do have (or soon will have) a ivil defense system that would shrug off nuclear attack, then: 1) Somebody ought o write a book about it, explaining the situation in detail. 2) It makes little sense for us to deploy new offensive weapons such as the B-1 and the cruise missile. Such weapons are irrelevant. We too should be concentrating on defense.

Midland, Tex. LYLE BURKHEAD

Daniel O. Graham's "Detente Adieu" ocates and deflates four illusions about he USSR, but fails to mention one of the nost striking aspects of the USSR: its ompulsive persistence, its almost obsesive dedication to political, military, cultral, and technological expansion.

Attempts have been made to explain way this rigid zealousness by attributing variously to ideology, to political ambition, to competition for resources, to istorical imperatives.

The last thing that would occur to Vesterners is that the zeal of the Soviets really due to latent religiosity: isn't Russia supposed to be atheistic?

How many leftists would desert the oviet cause if they realized how many ttributes Communism has in common vith orthodox religion? Consider the evience: There is Marxist dogma and doctrine, and the element of mysterious or rrational or compulsive belief. Absurd olitical lines are repeated and repeated, exactly as if they were the lines of a itany. There is the idolization and beatification of Lenin and other martyrs. Infallibility is ascribed to the edicts of the party. The Cardinals of the party are granted control over life and death, over doctrine and the flow of information.

Prior to the Bolshevik Revolution Russia was a darkly and deeply religious land. Communism has excised the outward manifestations but has retained the religious mindset. The Russian trusts us no more than the believer trusts the heretic. f the Communists really wanted to gain espectability, if they wanted to achieve vorld stability, then they could do so imply by coming out into the open, by eclaring themselves to be an established eligion, by lobbying in the World Council of Churches, and by applying for nonrofit status at the Post Office.

Boston, Mass. CHARLES OBLER

An OPEN LETTER from T. J. Holt

TO ALL GOLD BELIEVERS

When gold prices plummeted toward $100 last summer, some leading gold advocates abandoned their own long-stated "convictions" — leaving their followers adrift and bewildered. Some others even turned completely around and predicted that the gold price would drop below $100 imminently.

This can be frustrating. It is one thing to be told that your investment strategy needs to be adjusted to changing conditions. It is quite another to be left wondering whether the rationale behind your long-term investing had any validity to begin with.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Recapitulating: Some facts, figures, and doings in 1976. The **Federal Election Fund** became the only government unit to end the year in the black. It has $23 million in the kitty (from the $1 political checkoffs on the Internal Revenue forms), having doled out $21.8 million to the **Carter** and **Ford** campaigns. . . . Sen.-elect **John Heinz** (R., Pa.) can chalk one up in the record books. He spent the most money ever to get himself elected to the Senate: $2.9 million, of which nearly $2.4 million was his own. . . . Jimmy Carter made it a trend: **Richard Nixon** was the first American to be elected President against a taller opponent (**McGovern**), Jimmy Carter was the second. . . . **Robert Dole**, responding to criticism that his slashing tactics had cost Mr. Ford the election, said that was what the vice presidential candidate was meant to do: "I was in the briar patch while President Ford was in the Rose Garden."

■ While on the subject of Nov. 2—that famous *New York Daily News* banner headline ("FORD TO CITY:/DROP DEAD") which is credited by some with swinging New York to Carter and losing Ford the election. Well, reports **Godfrey Sperling** of the *Christian Science Monitor*, it almost didn't happen. The headline had been written and discarded, was then picked up from the floor by an editor who uncrumpled it, and said: "That's it," and it was. . . . Other sensational headlines, the Maoist *Guardian*'s introduction of Jimmy Carter to its readers after Nov. 2 as "IMPERIALISM'S NEW CHIEF EXECUTIVE," and the *Daily News*' macabre comment on the times: "SUPREME COURT: GILMORE CAN DIE."

■ It was a bad year for **Women's Lib**: The **Equal Rights Amendment** ended the year not much closer to adoption than it started. . . . The **Bureau of Labor Statistics** said the spread between men's and women's wages has widened: women were earning only 57 per cent as much as men in 1976, as against 64 per cent ten years earlier. . . . Only 18 women won seats in **Congress** as against 19 in the last session, and the only female to make it into the top ten box office stars was 12-year-old **Tatum O'Neal**.

Gurbutt, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco
"I want some ships, tanks and aeroplanes."

■ **New Yorkers** found themselves first once again—it's getting to be a habit—as the most heavily taxed citizens of the land, with **Californians** second, **Alaskans** third. . . . **Nuclear energy plants** were back in public favor: 61 per cent of the people think they should be built, 21 that they should not, says **Lou Harris**. . . . The official *Catholic Directory* showed there were only 17,000 young men in **Catholic seminaries** in '76, as against 48,000 ten years earlier, but Dr. **Gallup** found that regular church attendance is still highest among Catholics (lowest among young people). . . . **Madalyn Murray O'Hair** threw her very first International Celebration of the Winter Solstice, which pagan feast she claims the Christian community "stole for the birth of their mythical Christ," and invited *NR* to it how sweet.

■ One political party had a banner year in India. Tass reports that the **Communist Party of India** topped the 500,000-member mark possibly because it is "working to mobilize the masses for the implementation of Premier **Indira Gandhi**'s progressive measures in the interests of the broad strata of the working people." . . . It was a smash in Algeria's first election in 11 years: 95.82 per cent of the people went to the polls, and of that number 99.95 per cent voted for **Houari Boumedienne** for president, a job which carries with it under the new constitution, also the offices of head of state, head of the armed forces, minister of defense, and head of government. . . . Richard Nixon, **Joseph Stalin**, and **Nikita Khrushchev** didn't make it once again. They were clipped out of the hour-long TV film Moscow has prepared for showing over the holidays, *Story of a Communist*, the life of **Leonid Brezhnev**. . . . It cost the current **Duke of Wellington** $28,000 to buy back at auction the uniform jacket his famous progenitor wore when he whipped **Napoleon** in the Battle of Waterloo. . . . And "There'll Always Be an England" Dept.: Mr. **William Merritt**, assistant recorder of the Sussex Ornithological Society, reports the tremendous success of the Society's month-long nightingale count —six hundred pair were spotted. . . . And to all a good night.

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THE WEEK

■ A Newark city maintenance inspector making "a routine check for zoning violations" nabbed a would-be counterfeiter with $100,000 in phony bills. Counterfeiting is illegal unless you are zoned for Federal Reserve activity.

■ The Supreme Court has ruled against women's claims in two separate cases. It unanimously reversed an earlier federal court decision by ruling that divorced women can be excluded from a Social Security "wife's insurance benefits" program. And it found that company disability plans that exclude compensation pay to women for absences caused by pregnancy did not violate federal laws against sex discrimination. The second ruling may change employers' attitudes toward women employees regarding maternity leave and even hiring, while indicating a stricter interpretation than usual of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act. Though there are many philosophical implications, the decision does not prevent unions from bargaining for pregnancy coverage, and it is in private negotiation rather than federal legislation that the solution now seems to lie.

■ New Jersey's Supreme Court has a way of taking charge of the situation. Last summer it in effect directed the state legislature to pass an income tax. The legislature obeyed. Puffed with triumph, the Court has now ruled that nonprofit, nonsectarian hospitals may not prohibit the use of their facilities for abortions. "The hospital rule and regulation should be related to the hospital's purposes and operational needs," murmured Justice Sidney M. Schreiber for the 6 to 1 majority. "Moral concepts cannot be the basis of a nonsectarian, nonprofit, eleemosynary hospital's regulations where that hospital is holding out the use of its facilities to the general public. The board of trustees or directors, although vested with managerial discretion within the framework of the hospital's functions and purposes, may not promulgate unrelated policies. When it does, its determinations are unsupportable and arbitrary." That is, hospital boards (unlike, say, supreme courts) are subject to institutional restraints—restraints inherent in the nature of the hospital (as defined, of course, by a supreme court). If they want to express their corporate consciences, they must presumably join a church, or start one.

■ Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos has called off a billion-dollar deal he and Henry Kissinger had shaken hands on when they met privately in Mexico early this month during President Portillo's inauguration festivities. Under its terms, the United States would have given the Philippines $1 billion—half in military, half in economic aid—over the next five years in return for continued use of Clark Air Base and Subic Bay Naval Station. Marcos wants the sum upped, especially the military portion. (Perhaps also he figured there was no point closing a deal with a lame duck Administration when the money part would in any event have to be approved by the new Congress.) Clark and Subic Bay are our two major military bases between Asia and Hawaii and the Pentagon would be desolate to pull out of them. But however desirable they are for our security, they and our presence in them are utterly essential to the continuing security of the Philippines. This President Marcos undoubtedly realizes—his ploy is a standard gesture for his own people, with many of whom he is not very popular. President Carter will have an early chance to show whether he can call a bluffer's bluff.

■ Eight Leningrad dissidents have straight-facedly written to Mayor Lev Zaikov asking for a site on which to build a monument to the victims of Stalin's purges. This is an especially appropriate time, they noted, since it is exactly twenty years since Nikita Khrushchev denounced the purges at the 20th Communist Party Congress. Khrushchev himself had promised such a monument, though he never got around to building it—before he himself was purged in 1964, a circumstance that may adversely affect the dissidents' chances of success.

■ The Chinese upheaval points up a natural characteristic of totalist systems: they cannot allow for mere human error or indifference. An ideology that claims to have perceived and embodied a "scientific" insight into the final truth of history can't afford to admit the role of chance in either events or human perspective: it has staked its legitimacy on its epistemology. The arbitrary, the conventional, the gentlemanly and reserved agreement-to-disagree have no place. Dissenters are not merely fellow mortals who see and speak from various angles, but corrupt mutations to be purged by any means from the social fabric, the category of truth not being marked off from those of politics, virtue, aesthetics, and so forth. Hence the campaigns of incredibly shrill and personal abuse that accompany the slightest temporal tremors, paradoxically increasing in assertiveness precisely as events themselves grow wild and unpredictable.

■ A proposal to introduce a degree of flexibility into the West Point honor code fell 25 votes short of the requisite two-thirds majority. Under the proposed change, the honor board, composed of cadets, would have been permitted to consider possible mitigating factors. The vote means that the present system of automatic expulsion for established violation remains in effect. Few will deny that cadets in training for positions of high military responsibility—positions which, in some

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Newsmen covering the White House continue to report that Gerald Ford remains uncharacteristically glum and withdrawn after his narrow loss to Carter. White House staffers say this isn't the case, however. There is a new mood, several of them admit, but it's a mood of grim determination rather than despondency. Ford, they say, seemed to be living in a peculiar never-never land during the last month of the campaign, unable to conceive of the possibility that he might lose. Thus, the defeat hit him especially hard. But the ultimate effect has been, they say, that Ford has finally been snapped back to reality; he now understands what he has lost, and he is determined to win it back. Whether this is good or bad news for the GOP will no doubt be debated for months to come, but many who know Ford best maintain that he now intends to go all-out for the Republican nomination in 1980. Thus, Ford and his most important backers, among them House Minority Leader John Rhodes and soon-to-be Senate Minority Leader Robert Griffin, are intensely interested in the choice of a new national chairman in January.

Ford supporters would prefer James Baker, the former campaign director, for the same reasons that Reagan backers are pushing for Utah's Republican chairman, Richard Richards, a solid Reagan backer. But because both are viewed as partisans, neither is likely to be acceptable. And neither Ford nor Reagan backers want a John Connally to parlay the post into an active presidential bid. Therefore, the betting in Republican circles here is that the choice will be an ecumenical candidate; the favorite for a while was Anne Armstrong, mentioned during the primaries by both the Ford and Reagan camps as an acceptable vice presidential candidate. But Mrs. Armstrong—now U.S. Ambassador to England—has since informed President Ford that she won't consider the position. "She turned thumbs down on the proposition," Mr. Ford told congressional leaders last week.

Also to be taken into account is a peculiar alliance as yet largely in the discussion stage, a coalition between younger new-face Republicans such as Indiana's Richard Lugar and Illinois' James Thompson, and Eastern supporters of Elliot Richardson, who has been discussing a presidential bid since Ford's defeat. The New Facers have as yet no favorite candidate for national chairman. But they are expected to oppose anyone with strong ties to what they view as the old guard GOP Establishment, be it of the Ford or Reagan variety.

■ Meanwhile, back at the transition, many observers here are beginning to suspect that the much-discussed Carter plans for reorganization of the bureaucracy have yet to reach the drawing-board stage. A case in point: Carter made headlines here last week when he told senators that he intended to combine the Federal Energy Administration and the Energy Research and Development Administration under the direction of one man, possibly James Schlesinger. Since energy reorganization has been one of Carter's high priority projects, and since his staff has presumably been working on it intensively Senate staffers were startled by Carter's consolidation proposal. The reason, as Senator Henry Jackson pointed out to reporters this week: both agencies are required by statute to hire individual directors. Carter's proposal, therefore, is under present law illegal.

■ Lest we forget. In the same issue of *Playboy* in which President-elect Carter offered us a glimpse into the land of mental lust, his personnel coordinator, Hamilton Jordan, had this to say: "If, after the inauguration, you find a Cy Vance as Secretary of State and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of national security, then I would say we failed. And I'd quit. But that's not going to happen. You're going to see new faces, new ideas. The government is going to be run by people you have never heard of."

■ And finally, for what it's worth, Cyrus Vance's nickname is "Spider."

—CATO

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circumstances, offer no "second chance"—must be held to the highest standards of personal integrity. In the vote, 2,523 supported change, 1,925 opposed it. These figures suggest that the West Point honor code remains in deep trouble, the focus of ambivalence among those who administer it and live under it. Rather like Catholics on birth control.

■ Sweden has the highest suicide rate in Western Europe, right? Followed maybe by Denmark? Wrong. Austria is first; and crossing to Eastern Europe, Hungary has the highest reported rate there, followed closely by Czechoslovakia and parts of Yugoslavia. There seems at first to be no common denominator here—if Austria, why not Germany? If Hungary, why not Poland or Rumania? However, an Austrian psychologist, glancing at the map, noticed that these areas had all been part of the Austro-Hungarian empire, when there still was an Austro-Hungarian empire. Digging further, he discovered that those parts of Yugoslavia that were under the empire have much higher suicide rates than those parts that were not. The psychologist's rather touching conjecture: the inhabitants of the former Austro-Hungarian empire are still suffering from lingering depression brought on by the fall of the Habsburgs.

■ East Germany's most lucrative export industry is political prisoners. In the 15 years since the Wall was erected, East Germany has traded its citizens for over $250-million worth of Western goods. The minimum price used to be $10,000 a head; now it is $20,000, with scientists going for more. Bonn is speeding this year's agreement into effect, it says, not for the prisoners' sake, but to calm the unrest that is sweeping through East Germany—which may be a naïve remnant of Ostpolitik, or the realization that in the present climate of Western opinion, the only thing an East German uprising would achieve is a replay of Hungary 1956.

■ The announcement at the beginning of December that Libya was going to buy, for $500 million, a 10 per cent interest in Fiat was, by itself, sufficient cause for eyebrow-lifting. Fiat is Italy's largest industrial conglomerate. Libya, besides floating in oil, is a) ruled by a fanatic military-religious dictator, b) very cozy with the Soviet Union, and c) financier and sanctuary for

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They promise not to bury us.

W. H. VON DREELE

many of the world's most ferocious terrorists. The next few days raised eyebrows much higher. Muammar el-Qaddafi, boss of Libya, and Giovanni Agnelli, boss of Fiat, met in Moscow with the bosses of the Soviet economy during the weekend of December 10. Fiat recently completed for the Soviet Union its principal auto plant, now turning out 680,000 cars a year from its location in the Soviet town renamed "Togliatti" in honor of the former Secretary of the Italian Communist Party. Moscow wants to up production to a million a year, but doesn't have the hard cash to pay Fiat for the job. The Libyan infusion will enable Fiat to extend credit to Moscow, and Libya will advance Moscow another $200 million directly. Fiat will then get the business. The Soviet Union will get the new plants. Libya will get some Fiat products (trucks, autos, typewriters among them) and lots of Soviet weapons. The three-way operation was first reported in *L'Unitá*, official organ of the Italian CP. The pro-Communist *Republica* explained that "both Moscow and Libya" wanted to entice Italy away from the West European bloc: "The aim is the progressive unmooring of the Italian economy and its policies from the rest of Europe."

■ The Administration's decision to consider selling Mrs. Gandhi A-4 Skyhawk fighter-bombers—in contrast to its treatment of other objectionable regimes—is hard to explain, unless it is part of an Affirmative Action program to arm women, Hispanic, and other minority dictators.

■ The Consumer Products Safety Commission, established October 27, 1972 for the purpose of reducing unreasonable risk of injury associated with consumer products—estimated FY 1976 budget for policy development and support, $1,780,000; hazard identification, $3,950,000; hazard analysis and remedy, $10,233,000; information and education, $3,883,000; compliance and enforcement, $11,264,000; administration, $5,388,000; administrative law judges, $97,000; with 890 full-time positions, 45 full-time equivalent of other positions average paid employment 910, average GS grade 9.3(average GS salary $17,916, total personnel compensa tion $18,427,000 plus $1,658,000 personnel benefit total FY 1976 budget $36,595,000—has ordered th manufacturer's recall of an unspecified quantity (Blobo Plastic Bubb-A-Loons.

■ Two not unrelated news items reveal that a) mor than 2,500 doctors, dentists, laboratories, and pharmacie each made over $100,000 last year in federal-stat Medicaid payments, the top prize going to a Ne Yorker who pulled down $785,114 running three metha done clinics in Harlem; and b) the city of New York is urgently trying to fill every municipal hospital bed with Medicaid patients in order to generate $10 million ir state and federal aid, which goal it can reach if it car hospitalize 5,000 too many patients by next March There's a *lot* of that stuff going around.

■ What kind of marx would the true ideologist give t the recent report that Communist governments wer trying to borrow hard currency from the Arabs to bu Western technology? Could it be possible that the van guard of the proletariat is trying to put a touch on th feudal bourgeoisie to buy hardware from the capitali imperialists?

■ It is reliably revealed that the commissioners' office at the Federal Power Commission have been witho heat for the last two weeks.

■ What happens when you nationalize the railroads that a train from Chicago to St. Louis, due in at 9:3 P.M., arrives four hours late, at the uncivilized hour (1:15, because the crew had stopped it to wait for a wor crew to replace a burning railway tie, and while the were waiting, the 12 hours that federal law says they cannot work longer than expired, so they had to sen out for another crew to run the train to St. Louis, an by the way, there was another train blocked by the first

In Suspension

At successive stages of Jimmy Carter's ascent towar the Presidency, the question has been raised: "But wha does he really believe?" The replies have always gone We will find out when he has to stand up to his riva in the primaries/face the Convention delegates/get dow to business in the presidential campaign itself again his Republican opponent/start picking his aides an meeting the congressional leaders. . . . And now, as w write six weeks after the election, with four major ap pointments announced and the staff assembling, th question floats as tantalizingly as when Jimmy Carte was still just, plain Who?

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He is not—for example—a man to be pushed into acting before he is ready to act. He likes, as the saying goes, to keep open as many options as possible, as long as possible. On the evidence to date, he does not aim to turn the country topsy-turvy overnight. He is skilled at adjusting his pace to assure himself, even when nothing much has happened, daily feature stories in the media.

The first four Cabinet-level choices—Cyrus Vance for State, Bert Lance for Office of Management and Budget, W. M. Blumenthal for Treasury, Brock Adams for Transportation—are diverse in background and personality, but they have common traits. They are relatively young for these top jobs. They are liberal in general philosophy, but not super-liberal ideologues. Although they are not unknown, none of them is a household-word public figure. None is a merely political appointment. They are all competent and all have experience in fields relevant to the posts they will occupy.

These four men—even Congressman Adams, with his rather impressive record in transportation and budget problems—are what the Europeans would call "technicians," and a few more of them in the Cabinet ranks would produce a "government of technicians," in the European sense. Of course any man who enters government becomes part of the political process. But this idea of a government of technicians fits in convincingly with much that Carter has said about his idea of governing. On the administrative side, it means more responsibility for the Cabinet members and other high-level officials. On the political side, it means that the big-time political decisions are unambiguously reserved for Number One.

The JFK Tradition

The recent flap over a modest increase in the list prices of certain types of steel has been about as unenlightened as the similar attacks on steel price hikes by every Administration in recent memory. *Newsweek* even gave this perpetual non-issue the melodramatic title of "Carter's First Challenge."

Inflation, of course, reflects an imbalance between the supplies of all goods and services and the supply of money being offered for them. Some prices must rise even in a non-inflationary economy in order to bring particular supplies and demands into balance. The idea of attacking a pervasive inflation by shouting down its most conspicuous manifestations is always ridiculous, but never more so than in jawboning steel.

First, there is the sheer triviality of it all. Sheet steel amounts to less than 1 per cent of the wholesale price index, and wholesale prices for industrial goods affect less than a third of the consumer price index (which is dominated by food and services).

Second, there is the popular fallacy that raising prices in the face of weak demands is a sign of monopoly. On this theory the entire labor market must be monopolized, since wages continue to rise despite high unemployment. In fact, if costs are rising in even a textbook-pure competitive industry, there will be a reduction in the amount supplied at any given price, and this may well offset any price-reducing effect of declining demand.

Although the demand for steel in general remains weak, demand is up for the types of sheet steel whose prices were raised. Auto companies, for example, plan a 19 per cent increase in first-quarter production. If demand turns out to be weaker than expected, the new list prices for steel will be widely discounted.

Third, there is the common speculation that the price hikes were aided by a recent increase in import quotas on specialized steel. Actually, the new import quotas and price increases were not on the same types of steel. It is, however, one of the great contradictions of all political parties that cater to labor unions that those politicians who promote and defend all sorts of trade restrictions are often among the first to complain that the protected industries are not subject to enough competition.

Finally, there is the claim that steel price increases are not "justified" by cost. This idea that prices must be related to other prices, and that profit margins should therefore always be the same, involves a thorough misunderstanding of the workings of a price system. Still, the increases in steel prices have been less than two-thirds of the increases in related costs since 1965. The figures can be found in a perceptive article by UCLA men, J. Fred Weston and Edward Rice, in the December issue of *Challenge*.

From 1970 through 1974, the steel industries' return on equity was 6 per cent compared with 11 per cent for all manufacturing. Unless companies can do better than that, they won't be able to attract enough capital to expand capacity to keep up with future demand. Even a *New York Times* editorial (Leonard Silk must have been on vacation) noted the urgent need for "better after-tax returns for steel and other industries through depreciation reform and the elimination of double taxation of corporate profits." Jawboning won't help anyone but the foreign steel producers.

Spain and the Communists

Now that the Cortes, a reflection of the old regime in Spain, has voted overwhelmingly to move toward a parliamentary form of government and has held a referendum, no doubt exists that Spain will attempt a form of representative democracy on the European model. Nevertheless, a surprising amount of pressure continues to be exerted from abroad for the legalization of the Spanish Communist Party, which is not provided under the Cortes' action.

Some of that pressure takes the form of tactical argument. The Communists, so the claim is made, would not get more than 10 per cent in any election, and so would

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demonstrate in the light of day the narrowness of their popular base. Other arguments take the form of assumed historical inevitability. Mr. C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times* usually writes with sophisticated realism about world affairs. Not long ago, however, he published a column based upon an interview in Madrid with Sr. Manuel Fraga Iribarne, former Minister of Interior. With evident enthusiasm Sulzberger reports that though the Communists have not "yet" been legalized, such a step is now merely a matter of time—months, perhaps.

Other pressure takes a curiously "theoretical" or "moral" form, and is therefore worth some analysis. Meg Greenfield usually writes a common-sensical column for *Newsweek*, but she also apparently endorses the same goal of Communist legalization, and resorts to tendentious quotations to get her point across:

"Joaquin Ruiz Jimenez, a deeply respected professor from the University of Seville . . . speaks passionately for the need to move quickly on genuine reforms (including legalization of the Communist Party)." It need hardly be pointed out that the professor could be respected, even "deeply respected," let alone "passionate," and also be wrong. Greenfield adds that Spaniards "argue that the government's intention (evidently supported by the U.S.) to keep the Communist Party outlawed for the time being [sic] would be a moral [sic] and tactical calamity—casting doubt on the independence and legitimacy of the other parties." If you do not quite understand why the failure to legalize a totalitarian party would be a "moral calamity" or why without such legalization the "legitimacy" of other, and genuinely democratic, parties would be in doubt, well, you can just try reading that sentence again.

As a matter of fact, it is certainly no part of democratic theory that the Communist Party has a "right" to free and uninhibited operation. In West Germany, the Communist Party was outlawed for twenty years and the Nazi Party is still outlawed, and no one considers West Germany less democratic on that account. In France and Italy the Communist Party is now too powerful to extirpate without a military confrontation and political convulsion, but that practical judgment is no cause for rejoicing. In the U.S., the Communist Party operates on sufferance, and under easily imaginable circumstances the CPUSA would certainly be suppressed, just as, in 1941, the German-American Bund was suppressed.

The supposedly practical argument that the Spanish Communists could best be combatted in the open is either ignorant or hypocritical. Legalization happens to be the Number One goal of the Party, and the intention is not to make the Party more vulnerable. If its leaders are kept on the run, or in exile, and if the propaganda apparatus is crippled, the Party does not function effectively. Under the present circumstances in Spain, where the delicate transition from authoritarian rule to parliamentarianism is now being negotiated, and, indeed, for the foreseeable future, suppression of the Communists would appear to constitute mere prudence.

What's Your Gimmick?

I'm not a welfare mother.
  I'm no dependent child.
I'm not like Quasimodo,
  Rejected and reviled.
My name is on a payroll.
  I file with IRS.
To get a Carter hand-out,
  You have to be a mess.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Ballad of Gary Gilmore

In a 5 to 4 split, the Supreme Court voted to lift the stay of execution imposed on Gary Mark Gilmore, the latest in a series of ambiguous official acts by our "authorities." At first, Gilmore's execution seemed a logical finale for a murderer convicted in a state with a death penalty statute on its books. But when it was stayed first by the Supreme Court of Utah, then by Governor Calvin Rampton as well as by the State Board of Pardons, and finally by the U.S. Supreme Court on December 3, it became obvious that our "authorities" were experiencing great difficulty with the apparently clear-cut case. Now the case returns to the Utah courts again, which must decide if Gilmore merits his own death. At the same time, the American Civil Liberties Union is pressing for another stay, while Gilmore's lawyer seeks a writ of habeas corpus to free Gilmore altogether. Amid the murk, Gilmore possesses at least personal clarity. He calls Governor Rampton a "moral coward" and passes equally blunt judgment on those working in his defense: "All I have to say to all of them—the rabbis, the priests, the ACLU—I'd like them to butt out. It's my life and my death."

Apparently, no one else can make that decision. The split vote by the Supreme Court suggests the ambivalence of the nation's highest judicial body toward capital punishment. On a larger scale, the tergiversation surrounding Gilmore surely reflects a general malaise of authority. In the middle- and upper-middle-class social strata from which public officials are likely to be drawn, there tends to be a pervasive reluctance to make clear-cut decisions. In these social strata, life itself increasingly has a "no-fault" quality, and the negative consequences of behavior have been progressively eliminated. Not surprisingly, our public authorities find it difficult to make a final disposition of the Gilmore case. Paradoxically, Gilmore himself—he, at least, can make a decision—gains in authority as those around him, the "authorities," lose it. Skillfully exploiting that weakness and ambiguity, Gilmore has turned himself into a popcult hero. In comparison with those attempting to deal with him, perhaps he deserves to be one.

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Doings and Undoings

The proceedings of the thirteenth congress of the Second International—direct descendant of Karl Marx's First International—in Geneva evinced some flickerings of good sense. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany, for instance, told the assembled representatives of non-Communist socialist movements from 62 countries that the current world crisis is the result not of such misbegotten ideologies as capitalism, but rather of "structural" crises arising from mismanagement.

Schmidt's predecessor in office, Mr. Willy Brandt, was less obstreperous, but even he observed in his address to the congress—he was elected to be the new president of the organization—that "people like me renounced long ago the outdated utopia of shaping 'the new man.' What we work and struggle for is the survival of man and humanity." More, the congress passed a resolution condemning the behavior of states that withhold their natural resources from world markets for purposes of political advantage, and condemned terrorist acts by *anybody*, have or have-not—two clear swipes at the Arab countries and the Third World.

So much, though, for the positive events. On the rearier side, much of the assembly reacted with dismay to Mr. Schmidt's remarks, and passed the usual empty resolution referring to the "crisis in world capitalism and its consequences for the working class." It also took Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez seriously when he asserted that the emerging countries have forced a new political order," and applauded Malta's Prime Minister Dom Mintoff when he suggested that the International, whose members describe themselves as "social democrats," ought to include representatives of the new democracies in order to keep up with the times.

Amalrik Has Survived

Last week, the International League for Human Rights engineered a press conference at 777 UN Plaza for Andrei Amalrik, the author of *Will the Soviet Union Survive until 1984?* who was sent to Siberia and then expelled last year from the USSR, and to whom the League presented its 1976 Human Rights Award.

Amalrik is small, slight, pink, and starchy: he was wearing a brown suit, brown neck-tie, brown glasses, and an impeccable white shirt with cuffs: though 38, he looks like a somewhat younger and much more innocent brother to George Will, the Tory philosopher—also, like an Oxford grad student. He spoke leaning into the mike, using short, arrested gestures; lying back to allow the translator to gather up a clause, he relaxed his face into quick smiles. *How,* somebody asked, *have democratic objectives in the USSR changed since you wrote your book?* "A complicated question" (smile). *What is the future of the dissident movement?* "I am convinced that the movement will perpetuate itself and even increase its existence." What is necessary is for the intelligentsia to formulate an "ideology" (should the translator have said "rationale"?) for the movement, which it can then present to the Soviet people.

Amalrik is convinced that the nationalism of the Republics is the most potent force for the disjection of the USSR. But some powerful external shock will be necessary to translate this cultural nationalism into physical rebellion: in 1969 Amalrik thought that that shock would be provided by the Chinese, whose army he now believes he overestimated. Also, the climate of detente has allowed the Soviet leadership to relax, stabilize itself, and postpone brutal solutions of many problems.

What good are Radio Free Europe, Radio Liberty, the Voice of American? Even in the prison camps, Amalrik answered, men exchange the vodka earned by making furniture for illicit radio sets. *Would he like to meet with President-elect Carter?* Sure. . . .

Prodigal Son as Leper

As minister of information for the Black Panther Party back in the 1960s, Eldridge Cleaver was a hero of poster and paperback, his *Soul on Ice* obligatory with-it reading. He was actually invited to teach at Berkeley. The very sight of his glowering visage produced a delightful *frisson* at gatherings on the West Coast and elsewhere.

Today, culturally speaking, Cleaver has . . . well, *had* it. Not only did he criticize Castro in *Rolling Stone* (the interviewer could not believe his ears!) but he said *other* anti-Communist things, and even came out for a strong U.S. military posture. When he was a Panther and a Maoist and accused of shooting at Pigs in Oakland, Cleaver had all sorts of legal and moral support. But today, awaiting trial on those same charges and free on bail, Cleaver is . . . on his own.

More—worse—Cleaver has now come forward as an evangelical Christian, and he'd better not be waiting for a teaching post at Berkeley or an invitation to Lenny's. As he told an evangelical rally at the Felt Forum recently, old friends have been deserting him since he turned to Christianity. "When I began to talk to my

The GOP

We could send it to a health farm;
  We could get it high on dope;
We could dress it up for Christmas;
  We could lather it with soap;
We could summon a technician;
  We could put the thing to bed;
But I doubt if even Reagan
  Can revive the walking-dead.

W. H. VON DREELE

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old friends about the way that things were looking to me I began to lose them, at first one by one, and then by the dozens, and then, just in droves."

He and his wife Kathleen, he said, are now "companions in the Lord," a good thing, since at least he will have company in the back of the bus.

Cold Homes and Dark Factories

In the November issue of *Reader's Digest*, James Nathan Miller suggests that the natural-gas shortage may be a myth because proven reserves have been understated to scare the Federal Power Commission into granting price increases. Miller worries that the gas producers, rather than journalists or dentists, are the source of statistics on gas reserves. He claims that the Federal Power Commission "has never investigated the way this system works," but then goes on to describe investigations by that agency, the Federal Energy Agency, and the U.S. Geological Survey. Mr. Miller doubts the reliability of the FPC and FEA investigations "since the two agencies have been among the leading lobbies for deregulation." That is, if the evidence convinces even the regulators that deregulation is needed, then the evidence must be flawed.

The USGS, however, surveyed a small sample of gas fields on federal land and came up with a reserve estimate that was "63 per cent higher" than the industry estimate (60 per cent really, but math is the least of Miller's shortcomings). If all reserve data were increased by that percentage, says Miller, "it would mean that the post-1967 drop in reserves has been a statistical delusion." But it would not mean that at all, since Miller is comparing 1967 data from the American Gas Industry (which he distrusts) with 1974 USGS estimates of unknown comparability. If the AGA sources and meth ods were inadequate in 1974, which is Miller's mai point, then were they any better in 1967?

Miller then cites a complaint by some Federal Trad Commission investigators—without mentioning that th complaint was blasted as shoddy and "extremely ill-ac vised" by the FTC's own Bureau of Economics.

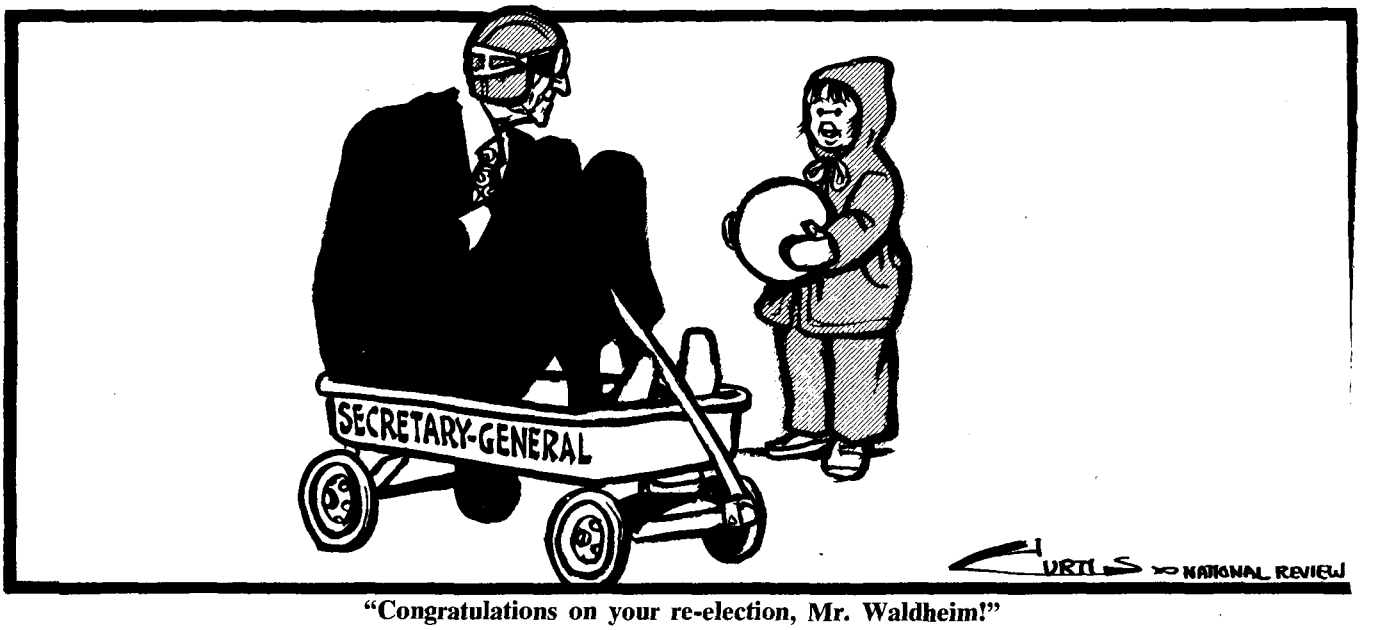
Actually, the whole exercise is irrelevant. Proven re serves are not an estimate of how much gas is in th ground, nor a major factor behind FPC rate decision Proven reserves are just an estimate of what can b economically recovered from known wells with preser technology at present prices.

To say that there is no shortage of natural gas is not to say that there are more or less proven reserves, but to say that demand does not exceed supply at the regu lated interstate price. If that were true, then there would be no reason for 33 states to impose restrictions on sup plying gas to new customers. Even established busines customers faced curtailments of 2.9 trillion cubic feet i the past delivery year. The shortage is here and now and not just a matter of inadequate reserves for th future.

Every economist who has studied the natural ga shortage has concluded that price regulation is the pr mary problem and that deregulation is the only solutio Yet Mr. Miller did not mention a single economist c any economic study of the issue. His editors should b embarrassed.

De-Schooling America

So far schools have actually been shut down only i Oregon and Ohio, but elsewhere the signals are onl slightly less auspicious. New York and New Jersey sa school budgets defeated in record numbers this yea wherever the voters had a say (29 per cent rejection b



"Congratulations on your re-election, Mr. Waldheim!"

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voters in New York, 58 per cent in New Jersey). Other states—Washington, California, Michigan, Missouri—show a similar pattern emerging. Early in December, the schools in the Toledo, Ohio district, with a total of 56,000 pupils, ran out of money and had to close up shop until the new year. For the last eight years Toledo voters have been rejecting tax increases designed to meet rising costs of education.

No doubt these votes indicate a general resentment of ever higher taxes, but they also seem to reflect a widespread perception of the way in which the schools have been aggrandizing their role in American life. It has amounted to a culturally imperial thrust. The schools have moved in the direction of the claim that all of life falls within their purview, not only offering instruction in the usual academic subjects—with decreasing effectiveness—but reaching out to embrace sex education, driver training, vast athletic programs, artistic experiences of all kinds, alleged solutions to racial problems, free lunch, medical care, liberation of the self in various directions, attitudes toward current events, and so forth.

The schools have not only extended themselves laterally, into all areas of the culture, but they have been pressing back the chronological boundaries as well, school from cradle to grave—"pre-school" education (in school, of course), adult education, and even the geriatric curriculum.

Not infrequently, moreover, the attitudes represented in the schools have been at odds with the values of the general population—as in the extrusion of even voluntary prayer, the banning of Christmas carols, the requirement of "value neutral" sex education, busing, and so forth.

Recent votes on the subject indicate that the citizens are beginning to stand athwart this entire process and say "Enough," and even "Too much." No doubt the Education interest will attempt to shake the local dust from its feet and betake itself to the federal treasury. Stay tuned for the coming phases of this struggle.

Bellow and Modernism

In his Nobel lecture, delivered in Stockholm, Saul Bellow renewed his long-standing quarrel with modernism in literature, indicting contemporary writers for docile adherence to themes and attitudes set forth years ago by Baudelaire, Nietzsche, and Marx (in the text at hand, curiously, he does not include Freud). On the one hand he cites Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, "who would not give up their connection with the human enterprise," and Joseph Conrad, whose "themes were straightforward—fidelity, command, the traditions of the sea." On the other he places the modernists, Joyce and Lawrence his principal exemplars, who "developed a marked contempt for the average reader and the bourgeois mass." Of their themes, especially as later reiterated, Bellow declares: "How weary we are of them."

The whole argument seems rather a mish-mash. Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* remains a principal document of modernism. As T. S. Eliot recognized, the doomed Kurtz with his direct eyes is a kind of hero, indeed a hero of the spirit. Savagery reveals the depths not because it is "noble," as the bourgeois prophet Rousseau thought, but precisely because it is savage. Nor is it easy to detect in the extreme emotions explored by Dostoyevsky "what was simple and true," or much affection for the "bourgeois mass."

The "contempt for the average reader" discerned by Bellow among the great modernists was connected with their common project and perhaps integral to it, the creation of self-as-artist under circumstances of maximum freedom. It was necessary for this act of creation that they kick free from surrounding habits and assumptions. Their project has certainly not exhausted itself or become irrelevant. In view of our metaphysical circumstances, it is not likely to do so. Nevertheless, *imitation* of the great modernists by their successors is clearly a betrayal of the project. To imitate Joyce or Hemingway is not to be free.

To that extent Bellow has a point, though he hardly argues it in these terms. Indeed, in his call for "a return from the periphery" to what is "simple and true" it is possible to detect a not unfamiliar note of sentimentality. We are all "on the periphery," whether we know it or not, and not many things are either "simple" or "simply true."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

On page 1197 of the October 29 *NR*, I note that, in large, black capitals, two names stand out boldly, to wit: "LYNCH . . . WHITAKER . . ."

Now, I hate to sound paranoid, but . . .

Sincerely,
Robert W. Whitaker
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Whitaker: Hadn't you heard? It's part of the new populist manifesto! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Enclosed please find the end result of my campaign at the FTC and CAB to win disclosure of hitherto-hidden special excursion airline fares between *foreign* points. The *Travel Weekly* story describes the CAB action and, tangentially, the FTC Complaint, while the Subscriber Letter copy, taken from the October 1976 Worldwide Edition of the *Official Airline Guide*, speaks

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for itself. It was *my* FTC complaint that got the OAG publishers to include these hidden fares as early as *November, 1976; they had wanted a delay until at least June, 1977.* As you can see, the *volume* of all this hitherto-proscribed data will swell the "fine print" pages of the OAG by *sixty-plus pages a month*: a fine measure of how the American traveler has been cheated over the decades by *selectively disclosed* excursion fares that were deliberately kept hidden from the entire traveling population of North America.

I trust your sister Priscilla will enjoy the driving trip I sent you; I got a nice note from her acknowledging its receipt from you. I added a fillip for foreign visitors and so forth that I deliberately omitted from *your* copy: a visit to Hyde Park!

Best wishes,
Don Pevsner

AGENTS FACE DILEMMA OVER EUROPEAN FARES
By Bill Poling

WASHINGTON—The CAB last week put U.S. travel agents in an awkward position by ruling that IATA airlines and their agents must honor clients' requests for information on intra-European discount fares, even though the so-called "creative fares" cannot be sold in this country.

The situation could be further complicated in November, when the *Official Airline Guide* is expected to begin publication of the bargain rates in its world-wide edition.

The Board has traditionally disavowed jurisdiction over the cut-rate intra-European fares because they are not available for sale in the U.S. and are not combinable with IATA's transatlantic fares. Moreover, IATA rules prohibit the carriers from advertising them in this country—a rule that has led some IATA lines to clam up when asked about the fares by U.S. passengers.

But in response to a complaint from Miami attorney Donald Pevsner, the Board ruled that answering a request for information about the creative fares is no "advertising," and that IATA lines and their agents may be liable for enforcement action for deceptive practice if they brush off inquiries about the cheap fares.

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"I'll tell you what I want for Christmas—for you not to spend anything!"

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

It's not going to be easy but would you explain to our readers, and particularly to the librarians, who care deeply about these things, that this issue, which goes to press December 16 and is dated January 7, is, despite the Christmas cover, the first issue of the new year (Vol. 29, No. 1). We will not, again in '76, be publishing during the final two weeks of the year (December 23 and December 30). However, since we think it important to have an issue that will reach our readers the week before the Inauguration we have decided that Vol. 29, No. 2, which goes to press January 6 (and is dated January 21), will be a Magazine rather than a *Bulletin*, reversing the order of publication. The first January *Bulletin* will, hence, be Vol. 29, No. 3 (dated January 28) and will go to press January 13. Thereafter we will alternate the 52-page Magazine and the 8-page *Bulletin*.

To recap: The last publication of 1976 was a *Bulletin* dated December 31 (Vol. 28, No. 50). January 7 (No. 1) will be a Magazine. January 21 (No. 2) will be a Magazine. January 28 (No. 3) will be a *Bulletin.*

Is everything perfectly clear?

■ Dear Bill:

Concerning the quote of Anthony Lewis in the Oct. 29 issue, "The Week": "Voices of Moderation": It is *indecent* to use the word "undecent" in the manner which Anthony Lewis has so promiscuously implemented it; both for those who care about order and propriety in the English language, as well as "for those who care about sensitivity and humanity in politics."

Paul N. Arnold
Kansas City, Kan.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you know, the ancient game of chess has been enjoying a great revival.

The objective of the game is to capture the King. The King is limited to one space move in any direction, while the Queen has unlimited freedom of movement in any direction.

In the event that Amendment 27 to the Constitution is adopted (ERA) will the rules of chess be changed in order to permit the King the same latitude of movement as the Queen?

Sincerely,
Philip F. Kromer Jr.
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Mr. Kromer: I don't know. Ask Carter. Cordially,
—WFB

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Do-Good as Foreign Policy

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

DURING THE press conference to which Cyrus Vance submitted fter his anointment in Plains as Secreary of State designate, there was the ollowing exchange between an unamed journalist and the questionee:

"*Q*. Governor Carter talked a great leal during the campaign about injecting morality back into our foreign policy. Do you agree with that, and do you think it's really possible in dealing with Chile and South Korea and India?

"*A*. Yes, I do think it's possible. I hink that this is a fundamental precept hat must be borne in mind. I think hat one has to deal also with the pracicalities of the situation as they exist, ut the underlying principle must be a oncern, and a deep concern, for uman rights and the problem of huıan rights, and that certainly would be factor in considering how we deal ith other nations."

Although Mr. Vance's reply proves e has the advanced training in qualication and ambiguity that is a prequisite for the office he is about to ssume, a residuum of meaning still lings to his words. It is a fact that arter talked a great deal about injectıg morality back into foreign policy, nd it is a fact—not surprising under ıe circumstances—that Vance states is readiness to go along with that preept and principle. It is further a fact hat this precept is not an eccentricity of the upcoming President, but has been enjoying widespread popularity ince its prominent role in the anti-Vietnam War movement and the Watergate exorcism. We cannot, therefore, lismiss this talk about morality in oreign policy as merely campaign waddle.

In asking about morality injection, Mr. Vance's questioner mentions Chile, outh Korea, and India as possible ubjects. This is the complete list, and s omissions are worth a moment's reection. No Communist nation is inluded. No African nation. Not Uganda r Libya or Burundi. Not Cambodia. nd not, come to think of it, *North* orea. Questioner was not trying to over the waterfront, granted, but my uess is that even if he had expanded is list tenfold there would have been the same omissions (save for the two white African nations, which questioner probably assumed to be too obvious to need mention). And I would guess the same about 85 per cent of the persons who question or answer in public. It's just the natural way words pop out.

Morality applied to foreign policy nearly always turns out to be *ideology*. By a man's omissions ye shall know him, ideologically speaking. And the ideological principle underlying this current morality-in-foreign-policy kick is that old favorite: *The preferred enemy is on the Right.*

(The customary omission from morality lists of underdeveloped African and Asian nations is partly derived, also, from lurking racist ideology—a racist snobbism that doesn't "expect" anything better than torture, killing, and other violations of human rights from dark-skinned barbarians.)

Morality into Ideology

When people talk about morality in foreign policy, what do they have in mind? Usually they seem to be objecting to our being nice to nations (some nations, that is: *vide supra*) that, morally speaking, aren't up to snuff. The iniquities most often cited are violations of human rights and absence of democracy (with "democracy" apparently defined as legal status for the local Communist Party).

What, then, do our foreign policy moralists want us to do about these reprobate nations? Send an expeditionary force to drag them onto the straight and narrow? That was what Representative Charles Diggs (D., Mich.), a conspicuous figure in the moralist brigade, proposed the other day as the way to bring Rhodesia back to virtue, but it is a bit drastic for routine use. More generally heard proposals include: no weapons, no credits, little or no trade, no political support.

Difficulties suggest themselves: 1) If it really is moral principle that obliges us to impose sanctions on nations that are undemocratic and violate human rights, we can't stop with Chile, South Korea, and India. Practically all nations violate human rights. 2) If it's a question of degree and quantity of violations, Chile, South Korea, and India will be way down the list. We'll have to start with China and the Soviet Union, and go on to Albania, Cambodia, Uganda, Rumania, and many another before we reach the preferred recreants.

3) This moral sort of foreign policy isn't a simple one-way street. When we cut off our trade with them we also cut off their trade with us. If we spank them, they are apt to spank us in one way or another. If we won't sell them arms, someone else will, and the arms supplier inevitably gets an option of sorts on the military services of the recipient. For example, Iran, which is rather low on due process and not very democratic, has lately got on the list of countries we ought to be moral about, and stop sending weapons to. Suppose we do stop. Iran—the biggest country in its region—is notably anti-Communist and anti-Soviet. With a large, well-armed military force, Iran is the natural, and only effective, guardian of the Persian Gulf, whence comes the life-blood of the Western world, against Moscow's active attempts at infiltration and penetration. De we really want a disarmed Iran? Would we prefer a Soviet-armed Iran? or even a French-armed Iran? Do we want our own soldiers to mount the guard on the Gulf? Without access to the Gulf, the Western nations, the U.S. included, are dead ducks.

4) It is even conceivable that the peoples of some nations don't share our view about rights and democracy and might resent our telling them what is good for them.

I do not want to suggest that there should be no connection between morality and foreign policy. To get down to cases, I conclude with a specific suggestion to Mr. Vance for an action in the field of foreign policy that would be of impeccable and relevant morality, and that could have a very considerable international effect without the risk—as is often present in morally motivated policy—of a dangerous backfire.:

Announce withdrawal of the United States from the 1980 Moscow Olympic Games. □

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ALOISE B. HEATH

A Trapp Family Christmas

ONE OF THE REASONS—I say one of the reasons because I could think of *several* others if I put my mind to it—that I kept on having babies for years after all my classmates were taking turns being president of the Planned Parenthood Association was that I always thought a big family would be such fun at Christmas. Which who doesn't, including people like me, who know? I know why Ben Heath, who is tied to me by the bonds of marriage, has the spirit of Christmas around Thanksgiving and the spirit of Ash Wednesday around Christmas. I keep telling him I know. "I know," I say. "I know. I know. I know."

I know we always get more glitter and glue on the floor than on the candles and that I never remember to wipe it up until the dining-room carpet (new last January) is permanently (though not uninterestingly, I always think) spangled. I know I look absolutely insane crawling around in the snow for weeks before Christmas, putting candy canes on window sills and then galloping madly off in the dark, jingling sleighbells and shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!" I know the newsboy would rather have two dollar bills than a $1.95 flashlight wrapped in green paper and silver ribbon with "MERVYN" spelled out in red scotch tape. I know no one can eat those Cut'n'Bake cookies after the children have decorated them with green sugar and cinnamon hearts (Christmas trees) and then with more cinnamon hearts and melted marshmallow (Santa Clauses) and then with more melted marshmallow and pink crayon (angels). I know it's un-Gesell and not even altogether Spock to match candid blue eye to candid blue eye with a ten-year-old and say: "But, sweetie, how should I know why Polly's Santa Claus is really her father? Maybe her father *has* to be her Santa Claus, poor little thing! Maybe Santa Claus just doesn't *like* Polly. Ever think of that?"

I also know ten children who aren't going to see this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

I know all that. What I didn't know till this year was what Ben meant, every Christmastide, when he tossed out, and not at random, the words "materialistic" and "spiritual." What I always thought he meant was that it would be materialistic for Alison and Betsey and Jennifer and Timothy to get a Chatty Kathy apiece, but spiritual for them to share one. I mean, that's what I thought until one afternoon last week.

That afternoon they were all in the coat closet (well, they *were*, that's all; they *like* the coat closet) making out their Christmas lists. Pam, who can spell, was helping th ones who can't write; and Alison, who is magic, was helpin the ones who can't talk. I had my ear at the crack in th door, listening, because I'm still trying to hear one of thos childhood conversations whose innocent candor tears a your heartstrings. You've read about them, I'm sure.

What I heard was my dear little ones calculating hov much more each of them would get for Christmas if the didn't have so many brothers and sisters to share the loo They itemized, giving reasons for their choice, the sibling they would gladly exchange for a hockey stick or an Army bugle or a Barbie doll with a different dress for every singl day of the week. From what I could hear through the crack *nobody* kept Buckley and Timothy, which is understandabl —let's face it—but not nice.

Then and there I decided (yes, *again*) that there is more to old Ben than meets the eye and that this Christmas th Heaths would be spiritual. Spiritual *also*, I mean. At my age you just can't cut those old materialistic ways right ou of your life. And by coincidence I happened to be reading at the time, a book called *Around the Year with the Trapp Family*. Actually, I was reading it to find out why th Trapps play the recorder better than we do, a fact whic is widely bruited by those who have heard us, though no necessarily the Trapps. It turned out, though, that the Trap family spends its year not practicing the recorder, as I ha hoped, but "Keeping the Feasts and Seasons of the Christia Year," which is, in fact, the subtitle of the book. W plunged into keeping the Christmas Season of the Christia Year like the Trapps. Some of us (me) plunged mor enthusiastically than others (Jim, Pam, John, Priscill Buckley, Alison, Betsey, Jennifer, Timothy, Janet, and thei father).

At the urging of our readers, many of whom protested last year when NATIONAL REVIEW *dropped its traditional Christmas piece by Aloïse B. Heath, we reinstitute it this year. This essay, and a half-dozen other Christmas stories, appeared in Mrs. Heath's posthumous book,* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, *which is now out of print.*

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Certainly some of the things the Trapp family does at Christmas are not entirely suited to the Heath family. I know. I *know*. And some—give me that much—I didn't even try. Like baking the traditional *Speculatius* on December 6 (St. Nicholas' Day), for instance; or the traditional *Kletzenbrodt* on December 21 (St. Thomas' Day), or even the traditional *Lebzelten*, *Lebkuchen*, Spanish Wind, Marzipan, Rum Balls, Nut *Busserln*, Cocoanut *Buserln*, *Stangerln*, *Pfeffernüsse*, and Plain Cookies on December 23. Especially since the freezer was bulging with all those still Uncut'n'Unbaked rolls of cookie dough. Nor did I consider for more than one mad moment suggesting that everybody take a nap before Midnight Mass and that their father awaken them by initiating a procession from room to room with a lighted candle, singing "Shepherds Up!" (each verse pitched a half-tone higher than the last), though I think it would be lovely, myself. Maybe when Ben is older . . . mellower . . .

We *did* make an Advent Wreath with four red candles, and it was beautiful; but John and Priscilla are Junior Fire Marshals, and though they said it was all right to hang the wreath from the ceiling on four red ribbons, they wouldn't even *discuss* letting us light the candles after it was hung. Anyway, I know perfectly well that Ben Heath would light off for the South Seas before he would light the candles, stand under the wreath, read the Gospel for the day, and listen to the children sing: "Ye heavens, dew drop from above and rain ye clouds the Just One. . . ." Even if I could get the children to sing it. Are your children *giggly*?

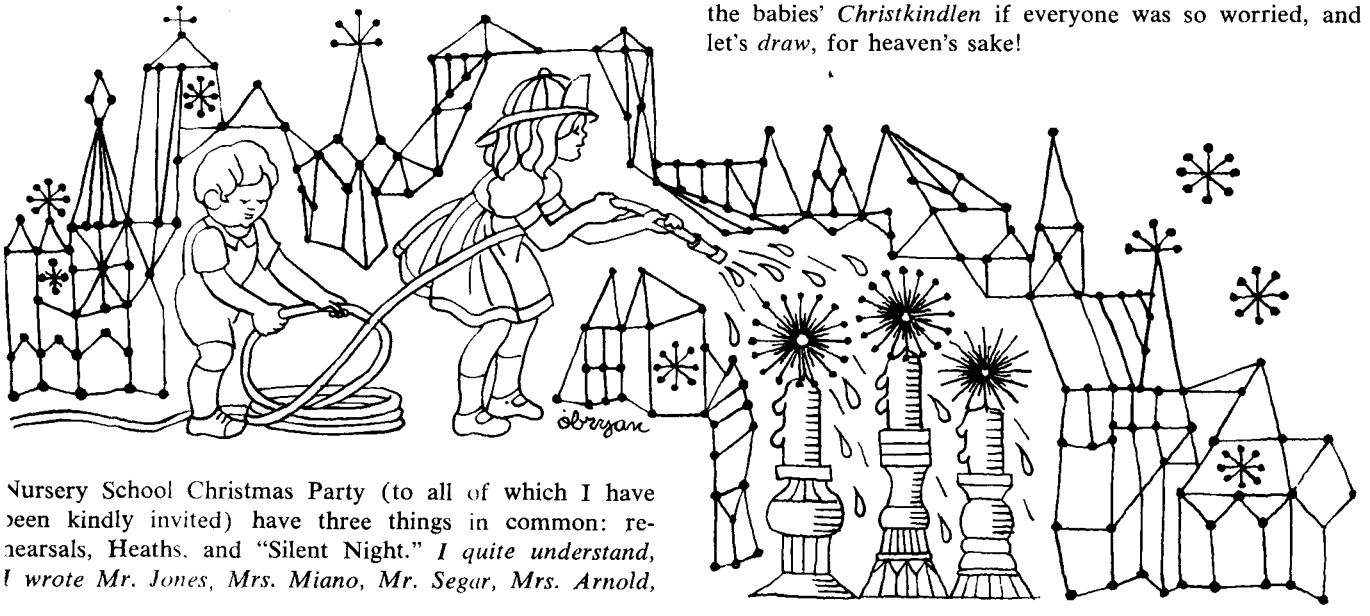
The Trapps say that "Silent Night" should be sung for the first time on Christmas Eve, and I agree with them, and the children agreed with me, which would have been enough to make me abandon the whole idea if I hadn't been so bemused with good will and all. It wasn't till I got the notes from Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates that I remembered that the Fourth Form Glee Club Concert, the Grade VII Carol Sing, the Grade VI Christmas Vespers, the Grade III Christmas Play, the Grade II Christmas Chapel, the Grade I Christmas Assembly, the Kindergarten Christmas Program, and the Nursery School Christmas Party (to all of which I have been kindly invited) have three things in common: rehearsals, Heaths, and "Silent Night." *I quite understand, I wrote Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miano, Mr. Segar, Mrs. Arnold, Miss Billingham, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Larratt, and Miss Bates.*

I really didn't see how the *Christkindl* custom could go wrong, though. I *still* don't. In the Trapp family, at the beginning of Advent, everyone writes his name on a piece of paper and the papers are put in a basket which is passed around as soon as the children have finished singing "Ye Heavens, dew drop from above." Everybody picks a name from the basket, and the pickee, if you follow me, becomes the picker's secret *Christkindl*, and the idea is,

Everybody picks a name from the basket, the pickee becomes the picker's secret* Christkindl, *and the idea is, you do your* Christkindl *a good turn every day

you do your *Christkindl* a good turn every day until Christmas without letting him know who you are. It sounds simple, spiritual, and also fun, doesn't it? And it works out *beautifully* in the Trapp family. In fact, through Advent until Christmas, the Trapp household resounds with the glad cries of *Christkindlen* who have found their shoes shined, their doll houses tidied up, or the table already set the day it was their turn. But there *are* a few technical problems that I feel you should know about, just in case you plan to be spiritual next Christmas.

In our house, the first technical problem was Jim. Jim said he was too old for this kind of thing, and I said, what did he mean, too old: most of the Trapps are older than he is; and he said, not those dumb kids that sang that dumb Do-Re-Mi song aren't older than he is; and I said, well, if he thought he was too old at 15, what did he think I was; and he said too old at 42 (*never* tell children your age), but anyhow, I won because after all, I'm the one who has to sign his Driver Education Permission Slip —and also, if I didn't drive all over New England every Saturday to see the Kingswood JV wrestle, who would? Then the others said, What about Timothy and Janet? Timothy and Janet were too little to do good turns to their *Christkindlen*, so why should they be anybody else's *Christkindlen*? I said, I *must* say, this didn't sound very much like the spirit of Christmas to *me*, and I would take care of the babies' *Christkindlen* if everyone was so worried, and let's *draw*, for heaven's sake!



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So we drew, and five of them drew their own names and Janet ate one, which turned out, after we hit her on the back, to be John. So we made another slip for John (a piece of paper *our* baby has eaten is *distinctive*) and we drew again and eight of them drew their own names. I said, maybe it would work out better if *I* drew a name for each of them, and they said, No *sir*, not and have you know who everybody's *Christkindl* is and comparing what everybody did for their *Christkindlen*, no *sir*, Mother, none of that stuff. Jim and Pam said that if they could have paper and pencil and peace and quiet they could probably work it out by mathematical probabilities, but it was getting pretty late, so I called them up by ages, and before Jim drew I took out his name, and before Pam drew I took out her name and put back Jim's, and so on. (Well, unless I *tell* you, how will you ever know how to do it?)

***So Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John, and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim, and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh* Mother . . ."**

When we had all drawn (which took far more time to do than to read about, no matter what you're thinking), everybody opened his little slip of paper "at a given signal." That's how the Trapps do it, and that's how we did it. I said: "Everybody ready? One. Two. Three. Open. Well, pick it up and open it *now*, Alison! Everybody does *not* have to fold their paper up again and forget the names they drew. . . . Besides, how could they? . . . Not fold the papers for heaven's sake; forget the *names*! . . . Well, all right . . . all *right*, I said; *we're starting over*. Everybody ready? One. Ready—Alison, anybody would think you were five and a half. Two. Three. Open. ALISON! !"

So we opened our little slips of paper at a given signal (the Trapps said "a" given signal, not which, after all) (what irritates me is that Alison can't even *read*!) and everybody learned the name of his secret—*secret*, mind you—*Christkindl*. This is another uniformly joyful moment in the Trapp family. At this moment in the Heath family, Jim looked up from his slip, glared at John, and groaned. John looked up from his slip, glared at Jim, and made vomiting noises. Priscilla said: "Oh *Mother*, do I *have* to have that pest?" Buckley said: "Mother how do you think that makes a poor little boy feel to have everybody in this whole absolute world call him a pest every absolute minute?" Everybody nudged everybody else. "Jim has John John has Jim. Priscilla has Buckley," they told each other

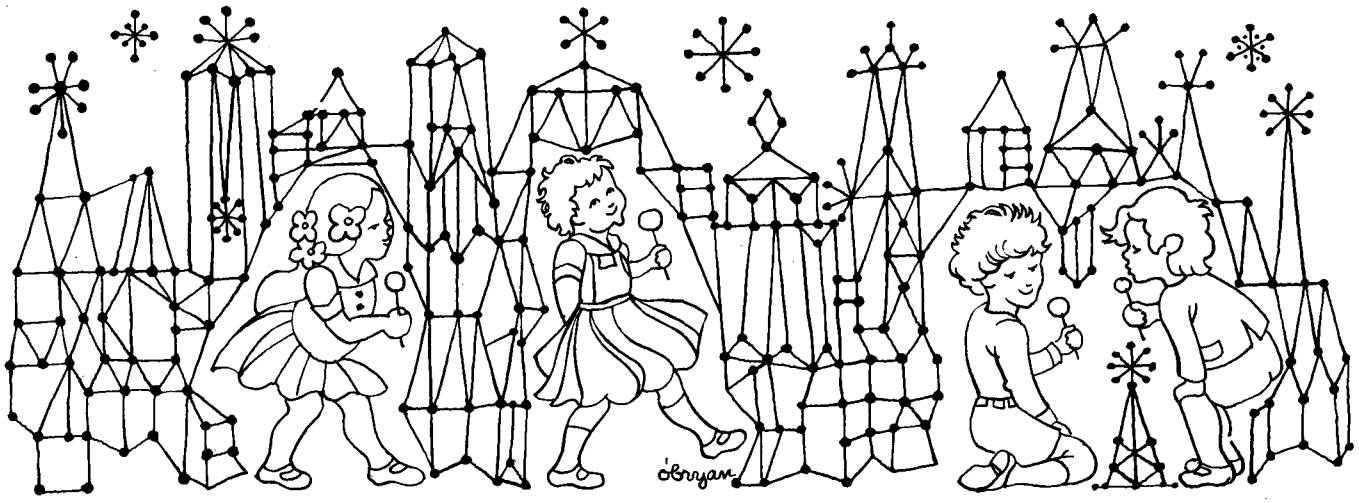
The non-readers came running up to find out who their *Christkindlen* were. "Pam," I whispered into Betsey's ear "Pam," shrieked Betsey. "Betsey has Pam," everybody told everybody else.

"Tim-Tim, but don't tell," I whispered into Jennifer's ear. She flung her arms around Timothy's head. "Tim-Tim, I *know* sumpeen. I *know* sumpeen, Tim-Tim," she roared "Jennifer has Timothy," everybody told everybody else The baby ate her paper again, but it was all right this time: I knew whose name she had eaten. I had arranged for us to draw each other, because we're in love.

A few minutes later they thundered upstairs to homework or bed, and even over the rattling of the window panes I heard the negotiations starting. "Well, then, will you trade Priscilla for Alison and a nickel? For Alison and a dime? For me not hiding your shell collection? For not hitting you in the stomach as hard as I can?"

Actually, it didn't turn out too badly. After a few days of such good turns as reporting that a *Christkindl* hadn't done his arithmetic because he was going to copy Georgie's before school tomorrow (and he just can't *learn* anything that way, *can* he, Mother?), or throwing a *Christkindl*'s cherished leather jacket into the washing machine (because it was so absolutely *filthy* he could have got *germs* from it Mother), or taking the batteries out of a *Christkindl*'s flash light because she reads under the covers after bedtime (and that's why practically *everybody* practically *constantly* goes blind, isn't it, Mother?), everybody was getting pretty tense not to mention bloody, until one of them—I haven't asked which—found a solution: every Sunday now, they each buy seven penny lollipops, and every night they slip a lollipop under their *Christkindl*'s pillow. Well, I *know* that doesn't sound so terribly spiritual, but it's better than what they used to do. What they used to do was steal each other's lollipops.

I wouldn't want anybody to think that my baby and I have sunk to such a mundane relationship, though. We haven't had to change our routine at all. Every morning Janet allows her *Christkindl* to rock her a little; and every evening I rock my *Christkindl* a little. □



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The NR *Youth Seminar: partly R&R for seven hard-working young campaign staffers, but mostly—Catch-22—a discussion of surrogating, Cossack-Americans for Buckley, and When's the next election?*

After the Ball Was Over: Decompression, Junior Division

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

JAMES MURPHY, twenty, sits at the roulette table in the cool, tinkly darkness of the Paradise Island Casino, throwing away money, conservatively. Murph is splitting rows tonight, and he's not doing badly at that. He's using 50¢ chips; losing more slowly than I. Why we're gambling escapes me, except that I am by nature a fiend. Murph is good company. He understands the idiocy of it. It's late—going on 4 A.M.—and the croupier calls, "Last spin on this table, ladies and gentlemen." Murph and I sigh, put two stacks of chips on black, chips that have taken us maybe five hours to accumulate, and drain off the lukewarm suds at the bottom of our beer glasses. You see, we have a thing about black. In Tom Wolfe's wonderful piece on Las Vegas, one hears of Baron Bleichroden, an old Monte Carlo regular who amassed a stinking fortune at roulette. His rule: "My dear friends, it is so *easy* on black." So the vibes are on black, along with my $75 and Murph's $20. The ball tumbles into number 3, which is red. The svelte swine of a croupier scoops up our chips. Gambling is as satisfying as feeding $20 bills into an office shredder.

Murph is incensed, of course, just as he was incensed the night before and, come to think of it, the night before that. I feel responsible. Three nights ago I led him off to lose his virginity at the tables and now he's been raped. We muse over this at the nearest bar, having put a few dollars in our socks for liquid consolation. Murph is upbeat: "No regrets, no regrets at *all*," he says. Like hell. Murph is tough, Irish; from Rhode Island. His father is a hard-working lawyer with eight kids, and Murph is sitting here at the bar thinking of ways to tell the old man what happened to the $100 he took down to Nassau by way of "expense money." This isn't the first time this month we've had regrets, as when earlier in the week we stood in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria watching Jim Buckley concede the election to Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Murph's face is red owing to the flush of defeat and the booze. He has bright eyes, even at four in the morning: protuberant, darting, smiling eyes which gleam behind black-rimmed glasses. I remember the first time I saw him, at campaign headquarters, feet propped up on the desk, tie loose, glasses slung down over his nose, phone cradled on his neck, shoulder hunched forward. Murph's voice *projects*. He was talking to the Friends of Jim Buckley chairman in Otsego: "Yeah Sam," he said, "that was a nice report, a nice report. But frankly Sam, I'm disappointed. Five thousand dollars isn't asking the world . . . no, I can't *promise* you the Senator next Sunday. How about Tammy Wynette? Ha ha. (*Pause.*) No Sam, I'm not saying that, no. What I am saying is *you just have to do a little better* . . ." When you consider that Sam is a businessman in his early fifties, a man who's been in business twice as long as Murph's been alive, I have to think, Not bad for a kid going into his junior year at Harvard.

We finish the drinks and scooter off back to the hotel, where five other members of the Friends of Jim Buckley youth cadre are slumbering, having given up on notions of throwing money at croupiers with George Raft hairdos and Cockney accents, preferring instead the simpler pleasure of an early-morning swim at Paradise Beach.

We had no way of convincing the bad guys that no-it-wasn't-Jim-Buckley-who-told-New-York-City-to-go-"DROP-DEAD"-it-was-that-other-guy-the-President

We flew to Nassau the Friday after the election for R&R. After collapsing at the front desk of the Beach Inn in a flying wedge of bags, briefcases, tennis racquets, and mauled copies of last Wednesday's *New York Times*, we slouched down to the beach and ordered massive quantities of rum punches, Planter's Punches, Cuba Libres, Gin Rickies, Daiquiris, and Bahama Mamas. Our faces were alligator-belly white, the picture of health; blue rings under the eyes, amber forefingers from pack after pack of cigarettes, stained teeth, furry chins, seminal crow's feet, worry lines, mangled fingernails. Campaigning takes its toll. We looked like HEW employees. We looked dreadful. But we had nothing to do for the next five days but jump up and down on a mile-and-a-half-long beach, read trashy novels, and eat.

Mr. Buckley, a Yale graduate, is now with Esquire.

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Nothing, that is, except discuss "Conservative Youth." This was Catch-22 of the NATIONAL REVIEW Youth Seminar. Priscilla Buckley, on leave from *NR*, would guide our ramblings, and the inevitable Marvin Liebman, former chief direct-mail fund-raiser for former Senator James L. Buckley, would tape them. In return for plying us with beach life, *NR* would have our thoughts.

Jim Buckley's youth corps was intent on the more cosmic questions, such as, What time you wahna play tennis? and, What time do the bars close around here?—not electoral reform and the significance of the peripheral urban ethnic vote. After a half-dozen hours of taping sessions, it occurred to all of us that Western civilization would not be the worse off if the Sony cassettes were accidentally melted into puddles of runny goo by the magnetometer on the return trip. But forget about the tapes. Years hence, when some unfortunate grad student happens on them while dredging *NR*'s archives for his doctoral thesis on Conservative Youth in the 1970s, they may yield up their secret truth. For the time being, however, there is no secret truth. And as we sat there yapping into the microphone about our frustrations and our sorrow at the Senator's loss, it became clear we had no way of telling the conservative story—of convincing the bad guys that no-it-wasn't-Jim-Buckley-who-told-New-York-City-to-go-"DROP DEAD"-it-was-that-other-guy-the-President—or, most importantly, of improving the aesthetics of conservatism. We had only our own stories to tell.

YOU'VE HEARD about Murph. Here are some of our other conservative youth sitting around the table at the Beach Inn.

Peter Buckley (the Senator's son) was there; his sister, Priscilla, twenty, a beautiful young woman who worked in Scheduling and made personal appearances for her father. (The practice is called "surrogating," and it's horrible, terrible, embarrassing, but strangely exhilarating: "I bring you my father's/uncle's best wishes and his regrets that owing to a special session of the Congress he couldn't be here today." Read: I know you thought you were getting the big cheese, and I don't like doing this any more than you like having to sit there listening to Junior, so please, gimme a break.) Peter did a lot of surrogating during the summer. He is now known in some circles as the "Jack Ford of New York State," partly because he dresses nattily, but mostly because he spent so many hours marching in the Steuben Day Parade, the Pulaski Day Parade, the Columbus Day Parade. His finest hour came during an address to the Ukranian Youth Association of Ellenville, N.Y., when he delivered the salutation, "*Slava Ukraini*" in flawless Slavic tones. Such, such, are the hustings.

Our cousin Aloïse, 23, was there: sweet Aloïse who worked in Special Groups, coordinating Armenians for Buckley, Litvaks for Buckley, Hungaro-Americans for Buckley, Young Manhattan Professionals for Buckley, Blacks for Buckley, Dentists for Buckley, Real Estate Friends of Jim Buckley, and maybe twenty more, including my personal favorite: Republican Cossack-Americans for Buckley. Valiant Aloïse, how well she pounded her beat, calling up the editor of the *Amsterdam News* and *demanding* to know when that much-hinted-at endorsement would be forthcoming; appearing on radio; showing up at Hispanic panel discussions. Once she was given a standing ovation after speaking, and that crowd was not a pro-Jim Buckley crowd. It was largely through Aloïse's efforts—and those of Bill Howell, the Senator's Special Assistant—that Jim Buckley received five times the black vote he got in 1970.

Also booked into a room at the Beach Inn was Bruce Smith, 22, our cousin, a young man out of a Hardy Boys novel: strong, soft-spoken, bright, square, but fun. Bruce worked in Youth, steaming away at bringing in the Pimple Vote—private joke, you understand—and when he wasn't writing student newspapers to demand equal time for Buckley he was running everywhere with inexhaustible energy, delivering press releases; or being an advance man,

Bruce Smith caused passers-by to wonder if maybe he was a Secret Service agent. How cool! No one ever wondered if maybe I was a Secret Service agent

which meant getting to carry a walkie-talkie squawk box and wear a lapel pin, causing passers-by to wonder if maybe he was a Secret Service agent. How cool! No one ever wondered if maybe *I* was a Secret Service agent.

Then there was Jerry Weil, 21, currently a certified ski professor in Kitzbühel, who was chief field man in the North Country, the area extending north of Albany to the hinterlands along the Canadian border, where few receive the *New York Times* every morning and thus tend to turn out more heavily for Jim Buckley than those of their fellow New Yorkers who read Messrs. Reston and Lewis. Jerry put 12,000 miles on his car one month, which is a lot of rubber for Jim Buckley. If the rest of New York State had gone the way of the North Country, Jim Buckley would be senator today. Jerry didn't lord it over the rest of us, for which I now formally thank him.

And me: I wrote press releases, took the crank phone calls ("You tell that asshole you're working for I wouldn't vote for him if he were running against Hitler, you got that?" Click. They always hang up before you get the chance to thank them for calling). I was also in charge of "negative intelligence" (scanning the newspapers for nasty comments about the opposition; no plumber stuff), and sifting through literary bits of flotsam and jetsam trying to decide why everyone was so mad at Jim Buckley. I also spent a lot of time on the phone, talking to the editor of the *Dunkirk-Fredonia Observer*, making sure he knew the candidate was flying in on the 5:42 from Binghamton for a press conference.

This mix of folks down in Nassau for *NR*'s Youth Seminar was not what you'd call a heterogeneous gathering of the political young. Of course not: we'd all worked for Jim Buckley. Of course not: five of us were related to Jim Buckley. If it hadn't been for Marvin, Jerry, and Murph, our seminar would have been an out-and-out family get-together. There were no vehement disagreements concerning conservative philosophy among us. Shades of opinion, yes. Surprised? But complaints everyone had, about the campaign, about styles of conservatism. After a hot summer on the Jim Buckley trail, we had steam to blow off. Everyone had a pet peeve.

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Aloïse, always sensitive to the slightest indifference toward her beloved peripheral and non-peripheral urban ethnic groups, grumped that the high command had engaged in an allegedly laissez-faire attitude toward the black vote. Priscilla, whose admirers—I am among that happy company—call her "Pretzel," said there had been rampant Pig Chauvinism in the office: "I spent a lot of time typing thank-you notes to mayors and police chiefs, and you know, I think I could have been doing something more . . . constructive. But I was a . . . *girl*, and I think everyone thought that was the sort of thing girls do best." Murph had only one gripe. His "boss." This was a man called in to replace the former finance director, a dynamo, who left because of a personality conflict. The replacement was no Speedy Gonzalez. He was downright phlegmatic, in fact, so laid-back he'd devote an entire day to rearranging the furniture in his office (one desk, one chair). Often, said Murph, he didn't "have time" to call contributors. By now you know Murph wouldn't let that sort of thing get in his way. Murph became ad hoc finance director. Murph ran the show in that office, but then Murph would run the show in any office.

But for his father's being out of a job, Peter had few complaints. At first he hated surrogating. *Hated* it. Then, as he gradually realized it was one excuse to stock up on fine threads at Paul Stuart, Saks Fifth Avenue, Brooks Brothers, Lonergan's, and other purveyors of classy bodyware, he eased into it. Peter wears his clothes with a dignity superior to his 22 years. Peter, who not too long ago wore hair down to his shoulder blades. Peter, who smoked pot and drove his parents crazy. Peter, who didn't come home from Colorado College one Christmas, who rebelled and went through this . . . *phase* (that's what his folks called it). Peter, who hated being a senator's son and went through hell posing for *Life* six Thanksgivings ago. It's different now. He's finishing up an Econ major, thinks he should probably get an LLD or an MBA. His tastes run from fast cars to fast women. How he looks forward to the day he can buy that Ferrari Berlintina Boxer ($55,000, top speed 190 mph)! Peter has discovered there's more to life than Neil Young and Colorado snow bunnies. He is, roughly speaking, the best there is. He is very dear to his mother and father, and he now gamely refers to himself as the "son of a famous has-been." He too will make it.

EVEN THOUGH he hasn't joined YAF. Which brings us to an obligatory point in the NATIONAL REVIEW Youth Seminar, and that is YAF—its image.

Before I start hurling stones, I should say I've had a few peculiar experiences with YAF. The organization was founded 16 years ago at my grandmother's house. I never joined, for the same reasons some Catholics don't join the Knights of Columbus, that some vets choose not to belong to the American Legion. I'm not a joiner. I started out working for Jim Buckley out of *noblesse oblige*, though by the time November 2 rolled around I'd discovered there was more to it than family duty.

Early in 1972 I received a call from a Yale YAFer, who asked if I'd like to be "on the letterhead" of a group called Youth Against McGovern, made up mostly of YAFers. I said no, I wouldn't like it, but in the best interests of sending Mr. McGovern back to the Senate, okay. A week later, YAM convened a press conference in Washington to announce its existence. A statement was read on behalf of YAM's National Chairman: me. Imagine my surprise when I read about it in the *Los Angeles Times*. I wrote the Executive Director and asked him, I think politely, just what the hell was going on. I also informed him that I was resigning from YAM, and ever since I've harbored odd feelings about the way YAF goes about spreading the good word.

I've read through YAF's press clippings, interviews with YAFers, issues of the *New Guard*, their cocktail napkins. I've known YAFers, and we basically agree. "What do we believe in?" a young woman YAFer told a *Newsday* reporter. "I guess it sounds corny, but we believe in America, mom, and apple pie." Yeah, it does sound corny and there are probably better ways of saying it (especially during a *Newsday* interview), but this girl was 16 at the height of Kent State, Mayday, Cambodia, student strikes, and she was working like hell for values which were then considered as aesthetically pleasing as Nixon is today.

MOST OF MY friends voted for McGovern in 1972, Carter in 1976. Many of them, given a more perfect world, would vote for Mo Udall, Tom Hayden, or, God forbid, Ramsey Clark. They consider themselves, some of them, "socially conscious," which usually translates into: "I am better than you, for I see human suffering and you do not." It has always amused me, in a grim way, that the only thing many of these socially conscious peers of mine have ever done toward allaying human suffering was to buy the *Bangladesh* album. How many of them have worked as volunteers in hospitals, become Big Brothers, Foster Parents, VISTA workers? Not too many. I don't count spending a summer handing out leaflets for Al Lowenstein as social consciousness—although one could be socially conscious and at the same time work for that lovely man, whose absence in the Congress is America's loss. If one struts about hawking one's social consciousness, then goddammit, one should interrupt one's paeans to Michael Harrington, Sweden, Bella Abzug, Ralph Nader, Proposition 14, and the Soweto protestors long enough to get off one's ass and *be* socially conscious.

Which brings us back to YAF. They are not, by and large, the sons and daughters of oil barons, Ford Motor Company vice presidents, or Remington Arms executives. They're kids who work very hard in school, maybe bring home a National Merit Scholarship. Most YAFers I've met are bright. They get good grades at college, they like cops, they don't mind singing the "Star-Spangled Banner"; as Nicholas von Hoffman says, "the kind who'll make good, dependable employees." During the late Sixties they put up with a lot of grief while they marched around with "Tell It to Hanoi" placards, calling on school administrators to tell it to those punks holding open house for Abbie Hoffman and Angela Davis in classrooms they had caused to be shut down.

Of course YAFers seemed weird. They *were* weird. So weird they announced early in 1972 they would support Agnew—Agnew!—over Nixon because Nixon had sold out America, mom, apple pie, and Taiwan over drinks in the Great Hall of the People, beneath grand oils of Marx, Lenin, Engels, Stalin, and the Chairman. And while all

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this was going on, Ms. Jane Fonda, herself socially conscious, was touring college campuses, including my own, where she received a standing ovation when she got to the refrain about "the U.S. war of aggression." Meanwhile, YAF was organizing "Project Appreciation," sending out letters over Martha Mitchell's signature, asking people to contribute money that would go to disabled Vietnam vets in the form of toothpaste, pens, writing paper, reading material, friendship—things the VA couldn't provide. Is that social consciousness? Maybe not, but years from now when you meet St. Peter at the Pearly Gates and he asks you where you were in '72, listening to Jane Fonda or selling "appreciation kits" for GIs who'd had their legs blown off, what answer would you like to give?

YAF's problems are aesthetic, not philosophical. There's a saying about the late Sixties: "A lot of people joined the Revolution to get laid." Exactly! Quick, name me one beautiful person from the ranks of the counter-revolution. (Don't say Bill Buckley. By that time he was an elder statesman. Come to think of it, he was an elder statesman by the time he wrote *God and Man at Yale.*) I mean some-

When St. Peter asks you where you were in '72, listening to Jane Fonda or selling "appreciation kits" for GIs who'd had their legs blown off, what answer would you like to give?

one young, someone with karma, pizzazz, *class*! Someone who told it to the mad dogs and told it well. Well? *Well?* Okay, so name a few beautiful people from the other side. Easy: Dylan, Baez, Phil Ochs, Abbie Hoffman (in an odd sort of way), Angela Davis, John Kerry, Mark Rudd (borderline beautiful), Julian Bond, Allen Ginsberg, Bobby Seale, Eldridge Cleaver, Tim Leary, Joni Mitchell, Janis Joplin, Gil Scott Heron, Jane Fonda (most of all!). *You* may not think they were so beautiful, but they were, they were. When Ramsey Clark launched against Jack Javits in 1974, his campaign staff put together a fund-raiser at Madison Square Garden and by God talk about Beautiful: Paul Newman, Helen Reddy, Harry Belafonte, Phil Ochs, Dick Shawn, Harry Chapin, and a rock band playing "What's a Nice Country like You Doing in a Place like This?" Troubadors and minstrels from the good old days at the barricades . . . the guest list read like *People* magazine's table of contents. If that had been a fund-raiser for Jim Buckley, know who would've been there? Pat Boone.

There's more to conservative philosophy than Pat Boone (no offense intended; I like the guy), just as there's more to Ramsey Clark than Shirley MacLaine (thank God). But consider for a moment a typical YAF dinner function. A sea of faces: upper lips mustachioed in peach fuzz, Ronald Reagan pomade hair swirls, powder blue denim leisure suits, screaming pink cravats, ruffled magenta evening shirts under mauve tuxedos, chain pendants, awful cologne, white patent leather pumps with yellow laces, purple sportscoats with exposed stitching, burnt Sienna sportscoats with exposed stitching, dacron doubleknit flare-bottom slacks (two sizes too small) with white socks peering out; Naugahyde food: tangy roast beef, cold baked potato, waxen broccoli; Anita Bryant singing the "Star-Spangled Banner" on a scratched record through a Korean-War-issue PA system; a blind priest stumbling against chairs on the dais trying to get to the podium to read a beautiful benediction; people in the back tittering about it; Bronx cheers for Agnew! Reagan! Joe McCarthy! Ashbrook!; moist eyes, mascara running every time the speaker mentions Goldwater; good speeches (always too long); a "rock band" brought in from lower Bergen County; and J. Daniel Mahoney, sitting at the dais, arms folded, head bent forward, asleep.

Do you really blame poor Dan?

Down in Nassau, sitting in Marvin's room while the Sony machine spun around, we were far away from the world of YAF conventions and New York State Senate races. Not a blessed one of us from Jim Buckley's staff has ever joined YAF. Why? asked Priscilla. Is it the ruffled magenta evening shirts with the mauve tuxedos? No, but who can put his finger on it? Claiming tender years, we chalk it up—as Aloïse did—to Bad Vibrations. But even as Aloïse goes on and on about how "*strange*" those people are and how " *positively weird*" they are with their "*rotten karma*," I'm thinking back to a time six years ago, at YAF's tenth anniversary at Great Elm, my grandmother's house in Sharon, Connecticut. A blue and white tent was pitched on the lawn, people milled about the superstars: my father, my uncle, Al Capp, Stan Evans. It was a beautiful September day, clear and cool. The old house, huge and cavernous, rumbled with echoes of glasses clinking and voices laughing. Allie, age 15, and I, age 17, clambered up to the attic, where we huddled in a bathroom deserted long ago by some French governess, and smoked a few bowls of hash, laughing. Not wanting to descend, not wanting to have to deal with all those . . . *people*, you know, out there on the lawn—our lawn—we found Aunt Priscilla's scope-mounted Savage 7 mm. and romped across the roof tiles, hunkering down beneath a gable, lining up people in the cross-hairs. Bang bang bang.

I CAN HEAR Bill Rusher now saying something he said years ago when Keith Mano wrote a "Gimlet Eye" on playing poker: "I frankly [said Rusher] don't see what's so conservative about playing poker." Now he is saying: "I frankly don't see what's so conservative about smoking hash and playing Lee Harvey Oswald at a YAF convention." Shortly afterward, Keith shaved off his beard, wrote a moving column called "Dear Mr. Rusher," and said his act of depilation was a ritual cleansing prior to taking final vows as a conservative. That was six years ago, that hour on Great Elm's roof spent picking off the nation's leading conservative spokesmen and their assorted followers, and in six years maybe I've learned there's too little time for leisurely bang bang banging through the cross-hairs. What's so conservative about throwing money at Paradise Island croupiers with Jim Murphy? Nothing, but at the time, as I sat there watching chips vanish and Murph's bright, gleaming eyes, I wondered what kind of conservatives we'd turn out to be. The cause, as Uncle Jimmy said in the early morning of November 3, goes on. And that's why tomorrow, after I hand this in to Aunt Priscilla—who's mad because it's one week late—I'm going to write the Young Americans for Freedom and ask them to send me an application form. □

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Why were the Nazis wrong? Whose responsibility are the 25,000 Nagasaki dead? Free of religion's imposed moralities, modern man finds it difficult to answer questions that his forebears answered without difficulty

'Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?'

JOHN A. MILES JR.

On a fine November morning 31 years ago, the late Jacob Bronowski, best remembered now for his television series, *The Ascent of Man*, landed on an airstrip in southern Japan and set out in a jeep through the thick pine forest that lay between him and Nagasaki harbor. Still in the darkness of the forest, he suddenly heard the voices of American sailors, on a ship at anchor in the harbor, singing a song popular that year, "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" The next moment, his jeep emerged from the cool green of the pines into the sunlit and stupendous ruins: Nagasaki, a city where 25,000 human beings had died in the flash of a few seconds. Bronowski rode, dazed, past the shadowy skeletons of the Mitsubishi factory buildings "pushed backward and sideways as if by a giant hand." And these were the recognizable ruins. Worse was the ashy, unnatural sterility of the rest. It was, he wrote, "as one might wake among the craters of the moon."

In the aftermath of that traumatic moment, Bronowski wrote a little book entitled *Science and Human Values*, in which, as a scientist, he looks at the ruins of Nagasaki and asks, "Is you is or is you ain't my baby?" Technology had made the atomic bomb possible. Science had made the technology possible. Were the 25,000 bodies then to be laid at his feet? Were they science's baby?

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Bronowski has his answer, and I have mine, but we agree that the parentage cannot be either denied or admitted without a searching examination. It will not do simply to assert that science is good, politics and warfare bad. The investigation we need is not a legal investigation aimed at determining personal guilt but a cultural investigation aimed at determining how attitudes which men regard, at a given time, as basic and unchangeable can by imperceptible degrees be transformed. It is a question, finally, of science and religion.

To speak of unchangeable basic attitudes is not to speak of science, for science is a tissue of hypotheses, even the most basic of which are subject to revision. It is rather to speak of something that goes by a variety of approximate names: philosophy of life, lifestyle, principles, "the way I was brought up," morality, way of life, and finally religion. It is a cliché that religion cannot be proven scientifically, but then neither can the *Playboy* philosophy or such slogans as "Live and let live." These slogans, no less than traditional religion, are unprovable, for they do not consist of statements alone but also of commands or at least recommendations. They refer not only to what *is* but to what one *ought* to do; and over words like "ought" science hesitates. It prefers to transform commands into statements—e.g., "Live and let live" into "Men live and let live"—and then, if possible, devise a way to test them. And even then, it does not insist that negative results in the test necessarily make the command impossible to obey, the value impossible to espouse.

It is because judgments of value are not subject to the same sort of testing as statements of fact that they change so slowly. The popular slogan, "There's no point arguing religion," acknowledges a resistance that has exercised philosophers from Kant to Wittgenstein. Religion expresses, among other things, inescapable human desires, and desire will fly in the face of fact. Desire can "dream the impossible dream," whereas intelligence pulls up short at "stating the impossible fact."

The Decline of Astrology . . .

At the same time, it would be mistaken to say that values are utterly impervious to fact. Though we can dream the impossible dream, most of us prefer to dream the possible dream, to draw our perception of reality and our program of conduct into at least a rough balance; and accordingly, when our perception of reality changes, our program of conduct tends, sooner or later, to follow suit.

There has been a radical transformation, over the past three hundred years, of Western man's perception of the physical universe. If values do tend to reflect perception, then Western values must be in the throes of a parallel (though slower, to be sure) transformation. Depending on how we characterize that transformation, Nagasaki may or may not turn out to be science's baby.

How and why have scientific perceptions since Galileo affected inherited morality? Oddly, the most profound effect has derived not from any direct scientific attack on those inherited morals but rather from the scientific refusal to say anything about morals at all. It was this refusal that struck deepest into pre-scientific morality, for in pre-scientific thought, no fact about

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the physical world was without ethical implications. Every story had a moral, so to speak, and every discovery was to be related ethically to the researcher and his fellow men.

Thus, to take the most dramatic example, pre-scientific knowledge of the heavens was astrology, the attempt to derive advice about human affairs from observation of the motion of the planets. Scientific knowledge of the heavens is astronomy, the attempt to relate the planets and other celestial bodies to one another in a comprehensive theory without reference to individual men on the planet Earth. Astrology had a personal message for each man, astronomy has none. And if some have been tempted to regret the spiritual loss, more have celebrated the practical gain: at the minimum, more accurate measurement of time and the benefits which that measurement confers.

. . . *The Rise of Astronomy*

The impact of astronomy upon astrological morality may stand as a kind of model for the impact of scientific thought upon all traditional morality. Astronomy did not attack astrology as morality. That is, it did not assert that it was morally wrong to govern one's behavior in accord with one's horoscope. It simply declared that it could find no scientifically measurable connection between the recurring motion of the planets and the non-recurring actions of individual men. Men were still "free" to practice astrology. There was no inquisition enforcing the astronomical view; but none was necessary. Once astronomy's perception of the physical facts was established, the innate human desire to hold facts and values in balance took over.

As for astrological morality, so also by imperceptible degrees for Judaeo-Christian morality. Here, of course, the conflict was personalized when Galileo was forced publicly to admit his "error" in asserting that the earth was not the stationary center of the universe. Now inasmuch as Galileo had made no attack on Catholic theology or moral teachings, his views about the relative motion of the sun and the earth might seem of little interest to Church authorities. In fact, they were of considerable interest because they contradicted a description assumed in the Bible. If the Bible was mistaken in its cosmology, could it not be mistaken in its theology and morality as well? But the Bible could not be mistaken in its theology and morality. Therefore it was not mistaken in its cosmology, and therefore Galileo had to be wrong. (*Eppur si muove.*)

To speak in more general terms, any morally neutral scientific discovery can affect inherited morality when that morality is, at its own insistence, rendered inseparable from a statement about nature which the new discovery contradicts. As science gained momentum, this situation recurred again and again. Geological deposits proved that the earth was older than the Bible said it was, zoological studies proved that man had evolved from simpler species rather than being created directly by God, and so on. There was a Galileo in each generation; and even those who tried to build a refuge for religion in the privacy of the human mind were met there by psychoanalysis and behavioral psychology. Far from being a necessary complement to scientific explanation, religion now seemed just one more object for scientific explanation, a subdivision under psychology, and perhaps under abnormal psychology at that.

For many, the downfall of traditional religion was cause for rejoicing. Had not religion time after time retarded the progress of science with its obscurantist objections? How much more effectively the enlightened would have been able to work if they had not been constantly engaged in defending themselves against fanatics! So it seemed at the turn of the century.

There were, however, even before the shock of the World Wars, a few influential voices within science itself speaking against the prevailing optimism. One of these belonged to Albert Einstein, who said, in a memorable formulation, "Religion without science is blind, science without religion is lame." That religion without science was blind might require little demonstration, but why should science without religion be lame?

The answer lay in the methodological refusal of science to moralize. In discrediting the morality of traditional religion, intentionally or not, science had cleared a path for some new morality which would be derived from its own picture of the universe. However, that picture of the universe had been drawn precisely by prescinding from moral considerations, and science was not about to abandon the approach that had been such a signal success.

The scene was that of a preacher in the pulpit angrily preaching against a famous scientist. Year after year he preaches. Year after year the achievements of the scientist grow more impressive. At length, the preacher grows old, his voice fades, his faith weakens, and he gives up. He turns to the scientist he has so long attacked and says, "You win. I have nothing left to say." He descends from the pulpit, leaving it to his former enemy. The scientist, however, has never desired the pulpit and has no intention of accepting it, even as the spoils of victory; the victory means little to him.

As for the congregation, after an awkward silence and in some confusion, it breaks up and leaves the church. For better or worse, the parishioners, or former parishioners, know that, in moral matters, henceforth it will be every man for himself. Remembering what happened to the preacher, none of them feels that morality is a shared reality, as true in its way as the motion of the earth. No, if it is a reality at all, it is the most unshared and unsharable of realities, a matter which cannot be taught but only "imposed." There are potentially as many moralities as there are men and so little basis on which to choose among them that the clearer heads are reluctant to "impose" their morality even on their own children.

The Empty Pulpit

As much as possible, the painful topic is simply avoided. Back when the preacher was still preaching, the congregation parroted his sermons. Now the pulpit, nominally in the possession of the scientist, is silent, and the congregation parrots the silence, striving in all areas of life to maintain the admired moral neutrality. The scientist might wish to criticize them for this unwarranted extrapolation of his methods, but of course he cannot criticize them *as* a scientist, for science must be morally neutral even on the subject of moral neutrality. And since it is only *as* a scientist that he can command their attention, the silence is unbroken.

Such was the state of affairs that prompted Einstein to say that "science without religion is lame." Science does not act, it only knows. Even tech-

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nology, which does act, does not act of itself: it does not judge, in other words, whether its own potentialities ought to be realized. The lameness of science is its moral neutrality, and it is this neutrality which makes it possible for Bronowski to wonder about the ruins of Nagasaki.

A Moral Carte Blanche

"Is you is or is you ain't my baby?" Bronowski did not need a conviction that the Nagasaki bombing was evil to burn that question into his memory: sufficient would be the suspicion that in a world of moral neutrality, even a much greater disaster could not confidently be declared a moral wrong. If two nuclear bombings were morally excusable, what of five? What of 35? If morality is a matter for the individual conscience, does it not become impossible to condemn any act that one has not oneself committed? And is not a moral carte blanche offered to the human race a terrifying prospect?

The terror certainly does not confront religious leaders alone. A few years ago in *The Humanist*, Howard Box, then president of the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, a group which explicitly eschews "the supernatural," wondered aloud whether on his own principles he could definitely state that Lee Harvey Oswald's assassination of John Kennedy was wrong. The same question is asked by every modern novelist or playwright who, obsessed with the Nazi or Soviet genocide or with the random grisliness of the West, struggles to assemble a new moral consensus, however minimal. "Surely," they seem to say as we turn from their tales of violence and violation, "your emotional reaction before at least *these* outrages is something you share with all men. At this point, surely, you discover your willingness to impose the morality which imposes itself."

One sort of scientist views such literature with distaste: science may be lame, but religion cannot be its legs. Another sort of scientist, however, sees in the modern literary and philosophical alarm a common sense which is by no means anti-scientific. Donald Campbell, a psychologist at Northwestern University, has written that "on evolutionary grounds . . . it is just as rational to follow well-winnowed religious traditions which one does not understand as it is rational to continue breathing air before one understands the role of oxygen in body metabolism. . . . If modern psychology and social sciences disagree with religious traditions on ways of living, one should, on rational and scientific grounds, choose the traditional recipes for life, for these are better tested."

Probably few of us regard ourselves as following "well-winnowed religious traditions" in conscious opposition to "psychology and social science," but perhaps most have at one time or another found ourselves reluctant before some course of action with no other explanation for the reluctance than: "I wasn't brought up that way"—a phrase from another generation, almost from another universe. Could it ever be scientifically reasonable to perform or avoid an action because "I wasn't brought up that way?"

Campbell argues that it could indeed. In his presidential address to the American Psychological Association (*American Psychologist*, December 1975), he quotes Herbert Spencer: "Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it." In the long run, the traditional recipes may be superseded; but in the short run, the only alternative to them is willful conformity to still immature scientific perceptions—a closed and coercive education that may wish to be Walden II but in the poverty of its understanding quickly becomes Gulag.

Eventually, science may face the complexities and discover the power of moral tradition as adequately as it has faced the smaller complexities and discovered the smaller power of the physical world. Ralph Wendell Burhoe recently wrote:

> I presume not only that the *implicit* cultural wisdom embodied in traditional religions is as valid and significant for *its* functions (both in defining and motivating basic human values) as has been the cultural wisdom involved in, say, agriculture, for millennia before there were any scientists to explain it, but also that the *explicit* postulates concerning the invisible, intangible, or "supernatural" powers were as useful or as valid as have been earlier postulates of science. That is, outmoded models are not necessarily wholly untrue. For instance, we still find it useful to talk about the flow of heat, even if we have given up the once-postulated "caloric" fluid that flowed, and about the wave-character of light, even though we have given up postulating the "ether" in which the waves propagate. The same is true for religious postulates.

At the other extreme, religion may eventually realize, to quote Burhoe again, that the hard sciences must be given "sovereignty in the area of newer cognitive truth," not excluding newer recognitions of old religious truth. Should scientific and religious reconsiderations such as these take place widely enough—and there is no guarantee that they shall—then a new harmony between science and morality may gradually emerge: a consensus like the pre-scientific harmony but vastly superior to it, within which the question "Is you is or is you ain't my baby?" would be easy to answer, but, we may hope, will not need to be asked. □

Nick, *Canadian Review* Rothco

"Between you and me, I don't believe in him either."

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The Child Jesus

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

By and large, Christmas is, despite our wholesale (and retail) commercialization of it, still celebrated more in the spirit of its meaning than perhaps any other Christian holy day. Its meaning is woven around a baby born some 1,900 years ago. And the marvel is that we who have been so inured to acknowledging only brute facts are still aware of, and celebrate, that Baby's meaning.

Like every other baby, He means life: its gift, its pledge—plus something more. Rare is the person whose attention is not arrested by a baby—the inimitable softness, color, and perfume of its skin, the purity of its cry, the appeal of its helpless imperiousness—and who does not find himself automatically borne beyond what senses tell him, into the mysterious heart of humanness and its hope.

But the Child at Bethlehem, uniquely, gives each of us the gift no ordinary child can. With His beginning came the realization that each of us always and personally can have a fresh beginning, that we need not be prisoners of our stuff and matter. And this, not so much because now our God is one with us in nature (that would only make of God a prisoner of our bleak biology), but rather because the Child's body is only the visible half of the miracle. The invisible half means that we can always, as long as life is in us, start over again. "I have come that you may have life and have it more abundantly." It is this meaning of the newborn Jesus that flies in the face of human cleverness, and makes us wordlessly aware of the vulnerability of bare facts marshaled into rows of sterile logic like waiting ten-pins. And it is just this meaning of life for us, intimate and vital, that brings us at Christmas to ponder from its vantage point the effects of the romantic nonsense and legal immorality foisted on us during the year just past.

The Romantic Nonsense Award of 1976 must go to the meaningless rhetoric that surrounded the Search for Life on Mars. "The science of life is now in one of those dizzyingly rapid periods of progress," trumpeted a *New York Times* editorial, as the weary but obedient arm of what another editorial writer called "brave little Viking" stretched out again and again "with all our hopes riding on it," digging dust from under rocks on that distant planet. All this was accompanied by a farce so replete with supposititious privilege, the pyrotechnics of press-conferencing, and the pompous posturings of scientism, that it could only end as it did: in the confusion of gobbledygook. Klaus Biemann let us know about Viking's "discoveries" of non-life (what did you say that budget was?). And Carl Sagan, in the brave hope of raising the curtain again, explained that "life could have arisen on Mars and then become extinct." I see. But nowhere in this latest of "those dizzyingly rapid periods of progress" did we find any hint of meaning.

Come Christmas, as the charged-up prose about superoxidized forms of iron or rust or some "weird substance" dies away into silence, faith once again gazes not on the metal arm of a delinquent robot scratching pebbles, but on the arms of that one Baby stretching out to hold us all, each one, and our Earth and all the planets, within his love. Faith sees what no robot will ever "analyze" and "transmit": that, in being conceived, this Baby gave meaning to every unborn child and to every mother; and that, in being born, He ennobled every human birth.

The Legal Immorality Award for 1976 glares at us all: It is a bulging monument fashioned of statistics of death, painted with rivers of blood, glistening with tears of human suffering. In 1976, forty to fifty million unborn children were deliberately killed before birth throughout the world. In Washington, D.C., the number of such killings exceeded births.

We are still a religious people whose compassion is not aroused merely by the death of Smokey the Bear, and is not exhausted by experiments on live cats at the Museum of Natural History, and is not dulled by the incessant news releases concerning convicted murderer Gary Gilmore caught against his will in what he is able to see only as the trap of life. We still cannot escape from the meaning given to every child, born and unborn, and to every mother, by the child Jesus.

Publicly, we acknowledge this meaning and our awareness of it in the hypocrisy of our dreadful euphemisms: "abort" for kill, "fetus" for baby, "fetal detritus" for an aborted baby's mangled remains. Just as surely as in any powdered newborn sleeping in a cradle we see a human being preserved for living, so in any aborted baby—gurgling as it drowns and burns in the saline solution, or emerging miserably fragmented in a flood of blood and mucus, or expelled undamaged by a new "miracle" drug and ready for live experimentation—we see a human being done to death.

Reason is not sufficient to cope with such a living horror. We know abortion cannot be justified by any laws. We hate the dilemmas, social, personal, economic, that have led us to such killings. For we know that deliberate killing of the defenseless does not lead to improved civil rights, and that the "right" of a woman to her "own body" is not a clarion call for us to drown in an ocean of blood. In our quieter hours, we wonder what penalty we, as individuals and nations, must pay for our deliberate slaughter of these innocents.

The meaning of Christmas is that we can think about these things with the knowledge that we need not fear past sins regretted, nor present weaknesses, nor the unknown future. We know that any moment can bring a new beginning: for a baby in the womb, for a woman who would have her child, for us who have already destroyed life but would protect it henceforth, for old personal enemies who start to talk again, for churches and nations that would finally and sincerely make peace, and for each one of us who would start again to love our God made man. All things begin—and can always begin again—in the outstretched arms of the Baby of Bethlehem. And in our reply to Him. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Deaths of a Salesman

"Sir," I say, "if you'll just give me one moment. I have . . ." He's a purchasing agent, a seneschal of commerce: favor-granter, commission-builder, lord, oh. "X-Pando Pipe Joint Compound expands while . . . see . . . the test tube . . ." His head is anywhere else. It'd be easier to make eye contact with a mole. "Two thousand degrees Fahrenheit . . . 10,000 psi for all . . . it can withstand . . ." He will listen as children listen on their way out-of-doors: uh-huh, uh-huh, sure, okay. Slam. "Freon and ammonia . . . even dilute acid . . ." He moves. My voice is higher; I entreat. I sound like an innocent man being booked for murder in some foreign police station. "Use on broken . . . hard to reach . . . even where . . ." Glass is blown up/around me. We are in the same place, yet a trick of time-warping has altered our relationship: I speak from five minutes hence or ago. "Price . . . just let me show you . . . an introductory . . ." Once, about 15 years back, I all but drowned. Mid-lake, my calf muscles went into torrid cramp, sewn briskly stiff with hot wire. Children dug sand on shore, women were basted with Solarcaine, and, for them, I was the two legs of Breughel's *Icarus*. Gone; no, not gone: never there. Ahhhhmmmm, water sang a long sleep to me, going down, pearls that were my eyes. I remember it now: this is my tenth death today. I'm a salesman.

AT THE TWO-DAY Mid-Atlantic Plumbing, Heating, and Cooling Exposition in —Kee-rist!—Pennsauken, N.J. I mean, try not to appear too absurd while you stand alongside three or four toilets in New Jersey. Yet there is an ascetic note; reverence and protocol such as secret brotherhoods affect. "Children under 16 will not be admitted at any time." "The use of sideshow tactics, 'cheesecake,' undignified methods, or other activities considered . . . to be objectionable are expressly prohibited." It's austere, this P-H-C game: think of that next time you shower. And passionate: overnight at one trade exposition several years ago the cast-iron-pipe people commando-raided the plastic-pipe exhibit with blow torches. Next day the plastic-pipe booth was a middle-period Dali, flaccid arterial aneurysm after flaccid arterial aneurysm. Pipe does strange things to men: it can make them rich. Plumbing is houses. Houses are the systole and diastole of an economy. But more than that: not since Tiberias' empire has defecation been so ennobled. The bathroom-as-garden concept is quintessentially American. A natural outcome, you might say, of convenience food. The body has been excused from our presence. We construct euphemisms of porcelain and formica and metal. The throne, indeed.

Salesmen get euphemized, too. Arrid is their friend. Also Aqua-Velva, Supphose, Head and Shoulders. They knock back Scope as an aperitif to the morning. Appearance mustn't distract from your product line. Ties are an emblem of their vassalage: the short choke chain by which they are held. And yet I find them intelligent; literate even. Not people who think Joyce Kilmer is a rest stop on the New Jersey Turnpike. They run to wait in outer offices and, waiting, often read. My own Mid-Atlantic sales rep, Marvin Mort, is a professional nature photographer of surpassing grace and wit. He can invest tree stumps with the titan stature that New Mexican mesas have. And, God, they earn their living. They have taught themselves a pragmatic schizophrenia: push enough to reach some arrogant purchasing agent; humility enough when he will grant them no more polite attention than I'd grant heat mirages on asphalt. Gelusil and Maalox and Rolaids; Valium and Tranxene. All together now: you can hear—it's felt underfoot, it's tidal—the buzzsaw gush of ulcers across Pennsauken. They return a commission on their stomach lining: more than 10 per cent.

THE VICE PRESIDENT of a solder firm laughs. He isn't happy. "What's going on here? I wanted to make a deal with this p.a. from a big Philadelphia jobber. You know what my sales rep told me? He told me, 'I never talk to that SOB, he played a dirty trick on me once.' Some rep, huh? A salesman is supposed to eat dirt. He should have a bowl of dirt for breakfast every day. What else is he good for?"

I, too, am a vice president. I've been on both sides of the desk. I've made men invisible. The story that follows is some kind of confession: absolve me if you can. One day an unspeakably maimed Vietnam veteran came to my office. The staircase is 15 high steps up. He was selling magazine subscriptions: they didn't interest me. Things like *Snowmobile Maintenance*. No, I told him, I won't buy. Let me give you a check instead.

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No, he insisted, I don't accept charity, just subscriptions. Yeah, I said, let's cut the bull: for me a subscription to *Snowmobile Maintenance* is charity. Take the check. He wouldn't. He had spent three years in a VA hospital and, I guess, he'd had enough of small deaths. He started, hung between crutches, to fill out an order form. It made me blind with anger. Perhaps there was fear as well: crumpled legs torment the self-assurance. I told him to leave. He left; he cursed me. It's 15 high steps down from my office. I heard every step. That's what the sales transaction can bring out in men. But, no: forget it. You can't absolve me.

THERE ARE no territories in the Soviet Union. Salesmen personify what is right/what is wrong with capitalism: initiative, energy; humiliation, stress. Yet, despite all those small deaths, many salesmen live very well indeed. A rep told me: "People think we're the lowest of the low. But they can't do without us." It's true. They carry the marketplace on their persons. Salesmen are heralds between one sovereign state of commerce and another. They should be honored, immune as Montjoy was before Henry V on St. Crispin's day. They seldom are. Yet, at large expense of spirit, they make human the blind, instinctive thing that free enterprise is. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Chili & Co.

During the holidays people are apt to get wonky with too much cheer, and may have to be anchored with some sort of food that's a bit solider than fancy canapés. (This is the altruistic approach, to mask the fact that the hostess has spent all her money as well as her energy.) The answer is a large pot of chili, which can be reheated several times without suffering too much. I offer herewith a recipe that has been tested and approved of by the editors of *NR*, led by Bill, Pat, and Priscilla Buckley. It was developed by Bob Holleron of San Antonio, Texas, an amateur cook of great talent. I give you the recipe in his own words.

Preface: Essentially, chili con carne, truly a Tex-Mex dish, is nothing more than a well-designed stew. As in other stews, certain rules are important. 1. Every bit of fat, which would make the chili greasy, must be trimmed off the meat. This means that if you want to come up with six pounds of trimmed meat, you must buy eight pounds. 2. The meat must be thoroughly browned. This takes quite a bit of time, since the meat at first gives off a lot of water, which must evaporate before the meat can brown. 3. The meat is best browned in a good vegetable oil. (The traditional fat to brown chili meat in is lard, which is all right if you like the flavor.) When a large quantity of chili is made, it is best to brown the meat in batches. 4. Make sure that the spices are very fresh, or the chili won't have any flavor. 5. No beans *in* the chili; they are strictly a side dish.

BOB HOLLERON'S CHILI CON CARNE

- 6 pounds (trimmed weight) lean boneless beef, such as round, sirloin, or lean chuck (buy 8 pounds)
- ½ to ¾ cup salad oil
- 1 large onion, cut into tiny dice
- 1 large garlic clove, crushed
- 1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
- 2 cups hot water
- 6 tablespoons Gebhard's chili powder (this is the best one—it is available in Latin groceries and some supermarkets), or other first-class chili powder
- 4 tablespoons ground cumin
- 1 tablespoon cracked black pepper
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ tablespoon paprika
- Generous dash Tabasco
- 3 tablespoons *masa harina* (available in Latin groceries) or flour
- 6 tablespoons warm water

Cut the beef, which must be absolutely free of all fat, into ¼- to ½-inch dice. (It is important not to use *ground* meat since it does not make a flavorful chili.) Heat ¼ cup of the salad oil in a large, heavy frying pan. Add a batch of meat, not crowding the pan. Cook over medium heat, stirring almost constantly, until the meat is nicely brown and there is no liquid in the frying pan. (This takes longer than one expects—at least five minutes.) As each batch finishes browning, transfer it to a heavy casserole large enough to take all the meat. Repeat the process, adding oil as needed, until all the meat is browned. Cook the onion and the garlic in the frying pan until the onion is soft but not brown. Add the tomato sauce, water, chili powder, cumin, pepper, salt, paprika, and Tabasco. Blend thoroughly and stir the mixture into the browned meat in the casserole. Cover the casserole. Simmer over low heat, stirring frequently, for one or two hours. Add a little hot water if at any point there is danger of scorching. If the chili is thinner than desired (different cuts of meat throw off different amounts of water) blend the *masa harina* and the 6 tablespoons of water into a smooth paste. Stir into the chili and cook uncovered, stirring frequently, until thickened. (Serves 12 to 15.)

Notes: 1. If the meat was properly trimmed and lean to begin with, there should be no fat in the chili. However, if there is some, skim it off with paper towel or refrigerate the chili and then remove the fat that has risen to the surface. 2. For a hotter chili, use more chili powder and more Tabasco. The above listed proportions, however, have proved to be successful. Serve the chili with *frijoles* and *salsa*, and plenty of beer; do not waste wine on chili.

FRIJOLES

- 1 pound dried *frijoles* (pinto beans), soaked overnight
- 5 cups water
- 1 medium onion, cut into 4 pieces
- 1 large garlic clove, minced
- 1 teaspoon chili powder (or to taste)
- ½ pound ham hock or blanched salt pork
- Salt

Put the beans into a large heavy saucepan or kettle. Add all the other ingredients except the salt. Bring to a boil. Lower the heat to very low, cover the saucepan, and simmer for 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Check the seasoning (the ham may be salty) and add salt to taste. Check for moisture; if necessary, add a little more hot water to prevent scorching. Do not add too much at a time (1 or 2 tablespoons) because the beans must not be soupy. Remove the ham hock from the cooked beans, trim off the fat, and cut any meat into slivers. Add them to the beans and serve. (Serves six.)

Note: To blanch salt pork, put the meat into a bowl and cover it with boiling water. Let stand for 5 minutes, drain, rinse under running cold water.

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SALSA

2 large ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped fine
1 medium onion, minced
1 *jalapeño* (or more to taste), fresh or canned, drained, seeded, and chopped fine
2 tablespoons salad oil
Juice of 1 large lemon
¼ teaspoon dried oregano
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Combine all the ingredients and mix well. Refrigerate before serving. (Yield: About 1½ cups.)

Note: When seeding and chopping any hot pepper, be most careful not to touch your face with your hands and to wash your hands very thoroughly with soap and hot water afterward. The seeds are the hottest part of the already hot peppers, and if they touch your skin they will cause great pain. □

AUGURIES

SUSAN S. McDONALD

The Journalistic Profile: Full-Face

Norman Mailer's piece on the quintessence of Carter, which appeared in the *New York Times Magazine* a few weeks before the election, makes a good object lesson on some of the occupational hazards of authorship. A less established writer would have covered his tracks: would have felt the need to camouflage, or at least retouch, the practical background of the interview. But Mailer, who doesn't have to worry about looking foolish or vulnerable, tells us at some length what went on between him and Carter. They just talked—or rather, Mailer just talked, driven by a compulsion to proffer the sort of intimacies he should have been extracting. He was so embarrassed, afterward, at having flooded a busy candidate with junk Mailer that he wound up writing an article not entirely to the public, but also to Carter, in expiation. How like Mailer, eh, to show and tell Carter all, when he should have been plying Carter with questions?

And yet you don't have to be a New Journalist with an ink-blot ego to yield to impulses of this sort. Writers frequently spend, and sometimes splurge, themselves in various ways to buy confidences and approval from their interviewees, although they may later regret their own zeal. It's common, to varying degrees, even among those with neither the license nor the temerity to inflict themselves on other people quite so aggressively as Mailer. Mailer's case is merely the exaggeration that calls attention to the rule.

His account of that garrulous session with Carter illustrates more clearly and candidly than most that a feature interview is not a formal interrogation, but a telescoped courtship. Thus the write-up should be viewed by readers as a report filed the morning after a one-night stand: a product of quick, clinical intimacy between strangers, with all the inevitable discomforts, and the same prospects for betrayal. Subjectivity, in this context, is more than a matter of "bias."

Like confessions and psychotherapy sessions, interviews are a curious variation on ordinary social intercourse. Normally, a mutual exchange is the ideal if not the rule, and relationships are allowed to develop at their own "natural" pace. In interviews, one person is, in a sense, cannibalizing the conversation of another. Even after years of practice, the feeling may persist that you are probing for revelations to which you don't have much right. (And unlike confession or psychiatry, interviews can't be justified as personally therapeutic; they're designed for purely public gratification.) The sense of guilt is sharpest when you're seeking out apparently ordinary people and asking pointed, personal questions they'd prefer not to answer. You don't feel quite so culpable on the trail of seasoned celebrities who know the ropes and crave, or at least live off, exposure.

But either way, interviews are an impertinence of sorts. To facilitate—and humanize—the process, writers intuitively flirt with their marks, even sweetening the pot with gratuitous personal revelations of their own. It's a habit born partly of professional experience (in the interest of "good copy") and partly of social instinct (the need to create a fleeting fellowship that will somehow justify or excuse asking a virtual stranger questions ordinary conversation wouldn't permit). The interview relationship may in theory be purely professional and governed by rules-of-the-roles. But in practice, the process has to mimic a social acquaintanceship and, what's more, both parties can get taken in, for the moment, by the pretense. Personality has, anyhow, a way of stretching, and sometimes mocking, our best-learned roles.

WHEN THE subject of an interview is a major public figure, another factor—the writer's vanity—can complicate the process. I assume it was mostly vanity that unstopped Mailer. His drive to answer questions rather than ask them, and his Ancient Mariner compulsion to tell Carter about his many marriages, must have stemmed from a need to be as real and consequential to Carter as Carter is to him.

On the whole, the journalist does not care to be reminded that he is one more inquisitor in a series of hundreds, and, especially if he admires the celebrity in question, or at least his rank, he will want to demonstrate that he is an oracle rather than a receptacle or scribe. Even Norman Mailer, who can lay some claim to consequence in this country, doesn't want to be a flat book-jacket entity to a presidential candidate. (Also, I suspect that in this case Mailer saw his opposite in Jimmy Carter and fell in love with it, then sought to make it love him back. The self-contemptuous son of Sodom and Gomorrah was utterly captivated by the self-confident prince of Plains.)

Thus writers frequently insert some sign in their articles that a camaraderie has developed between them and their subject. (You know: a longer interview, a private drink.) They like to

(Continues on page 47)

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BOOKS

Deano Wuz Here!!!

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

Blind Ambition: The White House Years
By John W. Dean III
Simon and Schuster, 415 pp., $11.95

John Dean's office, when he was Counsel to the President, was directly across from my more modest quarters as a White House speechwriter, along one of those cavernous marble corridors on the first floor of the Old Executive Office Building. I went across the hall to see him one day in late July of 1972, carrying a disturbing tip from a friend of mine who worked for Maury Stans over at the Re-Elect Committee. She knew for a fact, she said, that people at the Committee were misleading the FBI investigators and preparing to perjure themselves before the grand jury regarding the break-in at Watergate a month before.

The pretty-faced Dean tried to look suitably grave as he heard me out. But there was something perfunctory, even cavalier, in the way he handled our brief audience. No notes taken, no questions to me, a quick litany of pat-on-the-head reassurances about all this being groundless—almost before I had even finished saying my piece. I left angered, but not a bit suspicious. Only much later did I learn that what hung in the air that day was something more sinister than the routine putdown of a lower staff man by a higher.

DURING THE year and a half that followed, before I finally quit the Nixon staff on the day Ford became Vice President, I got my ticket punched at many of the other popular booths along the coverup arcade. All in a day's work one could get half-truthed by Ziegler, gee-whizzed by Magruder, country-lawyered by Ehrlichman, see-no-eviled by Kissinger, good-soldiered by Al Haig, stalled by Fred Buzhardt, suckered by Agnew, and stonewalled by the President himself. Certainly I did. Still, the one thing above all others that made me feel I had really *been there* was those few minutes in the direct stream of lies from John Wesley Dean III, a true prince of amorality.

This grippingly written, relentlessly self-centered book will only confirm most readers' agreement with Joseph Alsop's description of Dean—"a bottom-dwelling slug"—but every page pulses with the authenticity of *being there*. It is a necessary document for getting a deeper understanding of the collapse of the integrity of the Nixon Administration. More, it is a pretty good case study of what ugly consequences will always follow in any age or nation when certain men of flawed character are turned loose in an ingrown, overheated climate of power.

As tempting (and I believe fruitful) as it is to generalize and extrapolate from the book, however, one must remember that this is throughout a highly personal, particular narrative from a single point of view. It is not a historian's account of Watergate, the ensuing coverup, and the final blowup. It is not a work of moral philosophy,

nor an author-omniscient mystery yarn. It is simply the self-told story of one clever, shallow young lawyer, submerged way over his head for four and half years in a major crisis at the pinnacle of American government.

The story starts with John Dean's first interview for the job of White House Counsel in July 1970, and ends with his release from prison in January 1975. Along the way it involves nearly all the big names on the various contending sides in the country's biggest political scandal ever. None is either vilified or canonized, President Nixon included. Dean and his co-author Taylor Branch succeed in bringing each figure believably to life: neither Teddy White's *Breach of Faith* nor the Woodward-Bernstein books come close to *Blind Ambition* on this score. As mentioned above, this reviewer had intimate if minor brushes with many of these men and the scandals in which they were involved—and to me Dean's portrayals here have the ring of truth, as did his sensational Senate testimony, which the White House tapes later corroborated. The difference between this account and his icy-cool *j'accuse* on television in the summer of 1973 is that Dean now strives less for comprehensive narration (though I could find no place where he shades the facts) and

John K. Andrews Jr. *heads a Christian youth organization based in Denver. . . .* **Richard Brookhiser** *is a senior at Yale. . . .* **Anne Crutcher** *is on the editorial staff of the* Washington Star. *. . .* **Jeffrey Hart** *professes English at Dartmouth, raises sheep in Vermont, writes a syndicated column, and is a senior editor of* NR. *. . .* **John Austin Matzko** *is a graduate student in legal history at the University of Virginia. With this review he makes his debut in* NR.

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LAST CHANCE AT THIS RATE!

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more for an evocation of textures, the way it all felt, how the protagonists fenced and circled and eyed each other through multiple layers of "internal stonewalling" within the conspiracy itself.

OTHER THAN some intriguing speculation about the Howard Hughes–Larry O'Brien–Robert Bennett connection as motive for the original bugging, there are no great revelations in the book. The attempts at the time of its publication to create a furor over Jerry Ford's attempt to quash the 1972 Patman investigation and over what, if anything, was meant by Dean's vague hint that Nixon may have framed Alger Hiss were only tempests in the media teapot, not premeditated attempts by John Dean to explode new bombshells: we have ample proof that when this man wants to do that, he knows how to make a good job of it.

Rather, the contribution of *Blind Ambition* is in its fine rendering of the all-important atmospherics and human factors that let "the cancer on the Presidency" form and grow. The cult of toughness. The irrational awe of the Man in the Oval Office. The intra-staff factions and rivalries. The robotlike insatiability of the action-followup system on presidential requests to the staff —"the tickler." The buckpassing, and the postponement or delegation of unpleasant confrontations. The featherbedding, rationalization, and cronyism that shuttled a loony lit fuse like Gordon Liddy from one powderkeg assignment to the next. The installation of facile mediocrities, like Dean himself, in jobs where depth and stature were needed—the better to manipulate them from above.

Dean looks about the world of Washington and sees little noble or good. The press? Naw, not after the vicious war of planted stories and source tips that preceded Dean's Senate appearance. Even Jack Anderson, "famous Nixon enemy and Watergate sleuth," turned out to have heels as round as anybody's. "What a whore, I thought bitterly," Dean recalls, "he was taking all the sides, playing to power like everybody else in town." The prosecutors, then? Well, star witness John is not *too* hard on them, especially James Neal, the man who had nailed Hoffa and who brought Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Mitchell to trial. Yet the judicial process itself is corruptive in its way, Dean seems to feel. He quotes Neal as reflecting morosely, "There's nobody the government can't nail if it really goes after him. S---, they could get me within a year if they wanted to."

The baleful Dean eye spares not even himself, and this gives the book an extraordinary deadpan tone. Instances of his opportunism, pettiness, toadying, cowardice, greed, perfidy, weakness, and vanity are all offered up straight and called by their right names. Intermixed, though, are utterly human, sometimes touching, episodes where conscience, pity, despair, regret, admirable loyalty, simple patriotism, and the hesitant struggle of a man to be faithful to his best self show through. I repeat, most extraordinary. Very, very real. Read it and see.

ON TV IN Denver recently to plug the book, Dean mentioned one of Jaworski's young aides who had said, after studying his crimes, "There but for fortune go I." Up to a point, yes. Certainly no sensitive person will escape a shudder at the glimpses of his own frailties in these pages. But only a misanthrope would suggest that most men are as driven by cynical self-interest, as unchecked by moral scruples, and as generally unrepentant of anything except getting caught as this fellow admits to being. Blind ambition it was and blind ambition it remains, all the way from Dean's first sharp dealings in private law practice ten years ago to his mercenary hand in the Butz and Ford-Patman tempests of Campaign '76. To choose that title for a memoir, and then to add the subtitle "The White House Years," seems to forecast the perpetuation of this trait throughout subsequent periods of Dean's life. So far he is running true to form.

One thing is especially telling. You look in vain for any political credo or ideology throughout this fat volume. Dean states flippantly that he became a Republican of convenience amid the party wreckage of the mid-Sixties and that he rose from job to job by luck and "kissing a lot of ass." Contrast this mentality with that of Richard Nixon and so many of the other big men, passionate men, fighting with or against Nixon on the national stage in the Vietnam-Watergate era—fighting for power's sake, yes, but also because they believed in certain things for America. Granted, there is plenty of blame to go around; still, when it is all handed out, you have no trouble telling who were the titans and who the pygmies. The more of the latter—those hard-charging, clean-cut, apolitical "technicians"—that we see swarming into the warrens of Jimmy Carter's White House, the more we may beware. □

Unequal Justice: Lawyers and Social Change in Modern America
By Jerold S. Auerbach
Oxford, 352 pp., $13.95

IDEOLOGICAL CHAFF

JOHN AUSTIN MATZKO

For all its academic trappings, *Unequal Justice* is a classic of distortion, a distortion rendered no more acceptable by Professor Auerbach's declarations of unabashed advocacy than a robbery is legitimized by the brazenness of the thief. Most disheartening is the prospect of a host of reviewers, cowed by the shibboleth of equality, hailing this work as "brilliant" and "thoughtful." As Sir James Fitzjames Stephen once wrote, "The waters are out and no human force can turn them back, but I do not see why as we go with the stream we need sing Hallelujah to the river god."

Unequal Justice, a compilation of reworked journal articles, does provide a convenient source of information about the much-neglected history of the modern legal profession, but, as with most examples of historical advocacy, it is difficult to separate the kernels of truth from the ideological chaff. In tones more suited to the pulpit than to academic inquiry, Auerbach bewails the refusal of elite lawyers to assume their "social responsibility." His assertions are based upon the flimsiest evidence; evidence which does not square with theory is ignored; theory runs in stark swaths of black and white.

We are assured that legal aid was not a humanitarian gesture on the part of concerned members of the bar, only a Machiavellian device to "control the poor." Yet to assert this, Auerbach

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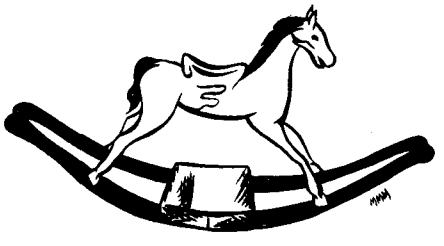
must ignore the dedicated lawyers of early twentieth century Chicago, for instance, who provided hours of often unappreciated labor in behalf of their indigent Polish clients; he must gloss over the respected attorneys who stood for the defense in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, the Scottsboro trial, and the trials of the McCarthy era, often at the risk of their professional careers.

DESPITE HIS declaration that the "subject of this book is the response of elite lawyers to social change in the twentieth century," Auerbach, in his discussion of the New Deal, relegates the conflict between conservatives and moderates within the American Bar Association to a footnote in order to pursue at length the more congenial topic of the National Lawyers Guild. Ironically, it was a conservative ex-Liberty League lawyer, ABA President Frank Hogan, who initiated the ABA's civil-rights program in 1938. Another conservative, Grenville Clark, who became the first chairman of the Committee on Civil Rights, censured the DAR for advocating teachers' loyalty oaths and warned conservatives in general that if they did not defend the civil rights of those with whom they disagreed, their own civil rights could eventually be denied. Needless to say, there are no allusions to such inconvenient facts in *Unequal Justice*.

Auerbach's attempts to shield the National Lawyers Guild from charges that



it was a Communist front are exercises in tortured logic. By the spring of 1940 the Guild had endorsed the Republican forces in the Spanish Civil War, followed the twisted route of the Soviet Union in its dealings with Nazi Germany, and finally rejected the services of lawyers who refused to obey Communist directives. Lawyers with impeccable liberal credentials, like Nathan Margold, Robert Jackson, Charles Poletti, and Paul R. Hayes, resigned in droves. Upon his departure, A. A. Berle publicly regretted that "the present management of the Guild is not prepared to take any stand which conflicts with the Communist Party line." Since Auerbach spends several pages wringing his hands over the fate of the Guild in the 1950s, acknowledgment of these defections would have been disastrous to his persecution theory.

Even less objective is the author's obsession with discrimination practiced against Jewish lawyers and law students at the beginning of the century. First, Auerbach neglects to mention that the antisemites met with comparatively little success in their attempts to prune the large numbers of Jews entering the legal profession. By the time the WASPs reacted, Jews already accounted for 50 per cent or more of the law-school enrollments in the urban centers of the East. Further, in many cases, discrimination within elite law firms was prompted as much by the lack of polish in a lawyer only half a generation removed from the East European *shtetls* as by his racial and religious heritage. Auerbach deals with this by simply ignoring the Russian background from which many of these lawyers and their parents came—the admission of a Jew to the Russian bar was a virtual impossibility after 1889, so that legal studies largely ceased to be part of the culture of Russian Jewry. In fact, some major corporate firms, such as Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton, and Garrison, accepted Jewish partners if they were not from New York and if they were of German rather than Russian descent. These grey areas do not appeal to Auerbach.

Contrary to the author's jeremiad, the acceptance of East European Jews into the legal profession was an American success story which is amply demonstrated by the index and bibliography of *Unequal Justice* itself. Because this success has not been shared by blacks or other minorities, Auerbach, bound up in his ideological framework, is reluctant to admit that individual merit and initiative can ever break through discriminatory barriers.

Professor Auerbach's most fundamental error, however, is his ultimate reliance upon an ersatz natural law of undefined terms like "equality," "de-

RANDOM NOTES

■ YET MORE JANUARY TITLES: Who gave you the Constitution? Who gave you the Bill of Rights? Southern politicians, that's who! In *The Natural Superiority of Southern Politicians: A Revisionist History* (Doubleday, $10), David Leon Chandler argues that what we require is "a return to a Jefferson-style government." . . . Bruce Cook's *Dalton Trumbo* (Scribner's, $10.95) describes the progress of this member of the Hollywood Ten from Christian Science to Communism. . . . Margit von Mises, widow of the eminent economist, has written *My Years with Ludwig von Mises* (Arlington House, $9.95). *Publishers Weekly* comments: "The couple left Nazi-occupied Europe for New York in 1940, but as a conservative economist Ludwig did not find a secure niche in government or academe in those liberal days." The rest is history: after creeping fascism occupied the U.S., von Mises became one of the country's most beloved economic philosophers. . . . Richard Selzer, a surgeon at Yale Medical Center and a contributor to, among other fora, *Harper's* magazine, has written *Moral Lessons: Notes on the Art of Surgery* (Simon and Schuster, $7.95), which somehow includes notes on bird-watching and baldness and acupuncture. . . . John McPhee, who is one of the finest prose artists to appear regularly in *The New Yorker* since E. B. White, is publishing *A John McPhee Reader* (paper: Vintage, $3.95; hardcover: Farrar, Straus, $12.95). The book consists of pieces on every conceivable subject, culled from McPhee's 12 books by William Howarth, who has also provided an introduction. . . . Kingsley Amis' new novel is a satire about the "Counterfeit World," Great Britain in 1976, in which the Reformation never took place and Martin Luther became a Pope.

How fair were the Nuremberg Trials? is the subject of Bradley F. Smith's *Reaching Judgment at Nuremberg* (Basic Books, $15). Smith discusses in great detail the backgrounds of the eight judges and the processes by which they arrived at their decisions. . . . In *Crooked Paths: Reflections on Socialism, Conservatism, and the Welfare State* (Harper & Row, $10), Peter Clecak speaks up for "conservative democratic socialism," with the socialists and the liberals embracing a moral vision that only conservatives have kept before them.

■ MORAL INDIGNATION DEPARTMENT: *Vendetta: A True Story of the Worst Lynching in America, the Mass Murder of Italian-Americans in New Orleans in 1891, the Vicious Motivations behind It, and the Tragic Repercussions That Linger to This Day* (Doubleday, $7.95) is by Richard Gambino. Soundtrack by Giuseppe Verdi Jr. may be purchased direct from the publisher at reasonable cost.

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mocracy," "fairness," and "justice." Is equality the right of every criminal defendant to be represented by F. Lee Bailey? What if fairness and equality or democracy and justice conflict? To embrace the notion that the definition of these terms is self-evident to all men is ludicrous, especially in the aftermath of Watergate. Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and the rest were as devoted to a cause as any civil-rights or poverty lawyer. When words like justice and democracy float free, they may be defined in any way those in power find suitable.

That Professor Auerbach has no solutions for the problems discussed in *Unequal Justice* is unremarkable. There can be none as long as men are endowed with unequal shares of intelligence, initiative, and moral sensibility. The "relocation of economic power," which he advocates, has been accomplished in other nations. The result has been that justice there has become unbearably unequal. □

Norman Thomas: The Last Idealist
By W. A. Swanberg
Scribner's, 528 pp., $14.95

THE PRESBYTERIAN'S SON

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Until well into this century, most Americans conceived of socialism as something spawned and fostered in the covens of seedy immigrants—as an alien conspiracy dedicated, if not to the ritual murder of infants, at least to the undermining of Truth, Justice, and the American Way.

Like most popular prejudices, this had some basis in fact. The majority of early American socialists entered this country, not through their mothers' wombs, but through Customs. Their political behavior was dogmatic and uncompromising; their philosophy tended to be Marxist. Given these conditions, the career of Norman Thomas was revolutionary, for Thomas was the son of a Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Princeton, and a fellow townsman of Warren G. Harding: a WASP of WASPs who used his cultural credentials to introduce the socialist message to the American mainstream—to WASPs like himself.

While devoting the bulk of his pages to more obvious biographical data, W. A. Swanberg never loses sight of this central sociological fact. He shows that, although Thomas ultimately lost his belief in God, he never stopped being a Protestant; he enjoyed the hymns of his childhood all his life, and was "glad [to have] lived in a home, a time, and an environment in which sin, yes and moral vices, were realities to be forgiven and cured but not condoned . . ." His faith never died: it simply decayed, like a radioactive element, into a powerful evangelistic secularism. Thomas was exposed to the social gospel at Union Theological. After being ordained, he passed up a posh Fifth Avenue church for a parish in the Italian ghetto of East Harlem. During World War I, he agitated for peace and the rights of conscientious objectors. By 1918, he had joined the Socialist Party; ten years later, he was its candidate for President.

FOR THE NEXT two decades Thomas sunk most of his time into Socialist politicking, though he never succeeded in getting elected to any office higher than that of school-board member. In part, this was because he was forced to run against charismatic progressive opponents—Smith, La Guardia, Roosevelt. But Thomas also suffered from his own political ineptitude. The Socialist Party's base at the time he joined it was solid, if small; Socialists could count on strong showings, and even occasional victories, in local elections in New York and Wisconsin. Yet Thomas dissipated this power, first by picking a fight with an Old Guard he considered too dogmatic, then by struggling

with the even more dogmatic Trotskyites he had brought in as allies.

But if Thomas failed as a politician, he succeeded spectacularly as an educator. His energy was extraordinary—Swanberg's book is practically a five-hundred-page catalogue of speaking tours; his charm, unquenchable—after shuffling arthritically to one Long Island lectern, he turned to his audience and rasped, "Creeping socialism"; and his wit, devastating—he once called John Kennedy "all profile and no courage." But more attractive than any of these characteristics, and more important to his success as a popularizer, was his moral enthusiasm.

FOR IF Thomas had kept the form of his faith while losing its substance, then so had millions of his fellow white Anglo-Saxon Protestants; and if few of them adopted his alternative, they at least understood his language and recognized, with appreciation, the old mannerisms. Thomas spoke to them of good and evil, fervently enough to be inspirational and vaguely enough to seem safe. On the subject of Communism, for instance, Thomas remained sympathetic to the Soviet Union as long as possible, referring airily to "transitional tyranny" as late as the Thirties. The purges cured him of that particular delusion, and he came to agree with conservatives that American Communists should be barred from positions of power. He still retained sufficient naïveté, however, to believe that Khrushchev was honestly interested in cutting military expenditures, and that the Vietnam conflict (of which he saw the first several years) was a simple civil war.

This is the kind of thing democracies lap up—yes, evil is evil, but it can't be all *that* bad, can it?—and by offering this, rather than obscure exegeses of Middle European doctrines, Thomas managed to persuade Americans that his notions were thinkable, if not correct. In doing so, he embroiled himself with his own cadres in Brooklyn and Milwaukee; yet these cadres were themselves out of harmony with America, unable to win converts, only elections. By surrendering their ideological purity, Thomas managed to pass his ideas into the consensus. Had he been a shade less pure, he might have made a great liberal.

The Last Idealist shares some of the weaknesses of its subject. There is almost no analysis, and the narrative is occasionally interrupted by undigested clumps of leftist rhetoric. Swanberg also brings to the work flaws of his own—his style is bland and frequently clumsy. But his research is exhaustive, and the facts are presented without bias; and he tells his story with the same devotion that Thomas lavished on propagating the cause that will never again seem quite so un-American. □

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IF THE CAMPAIGN of 1976 confirmed the status of Ronald Reagan as maximum chief of American conservatives, it also brought forth a number of other impressive spokesmen for the conservative cause.

Foremost among these were Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Representative Philip Crane of Illinois, two of the handful of Republican officials who dared incur the wrath of an incumbent President of their own party. By their efforts as Reagan chairmen in their respective states, and as Reagan advocates in the party primaries, Helms and Crane have more than earned their chevrons as conservative leaders. It is thus appropriate that both have recently published books expounding their political philosophies, and that each has provided a trenchant volume well worth reading.

One of the more intriguing things about Senator Helms is his remarkable consistency on the issues, and the rapidity with which, since his election in 1972, he has emerged as a conservative leader in almost every sector of political combat. Whether the subject up for discussion is the right to life, the excesses of big government, the snub of Solzhenitsyn, or the Reagan bid for President, Helms has ridden to the sound of the cannon, not only taking the proper position on the tough political questions but leading the troops into the battle.

The secret of this promptness and perspicacity is revealed in the Senator's book, *When Free Men Shall Stand* (Zondervan, $1.75). It is that Senator Helms does not approach the issues on an ad hoc basis, but sees them all in terms of an overarching strategic vision. He understands that the fundamental problem of our time is a religious one, stemming from a loss of faith and values, and that all the particular ills that we complain of derive from this initial failure.

This theme is sounded in the opening chapter of his book and stressed repeatedly throughout. Having lost our grip on Biblical teaching, the Senator argues, we have turned to the neo-pagan formulae of secular humanism and deified the political state. Having denied the Christian ethic, we have denied as well the right to life, the integrity of the family, and public recognition of the Deity. So also our moral sense is blunted to the passionate appeal of Solzhenitsyn, or to the advancing menace of the Gulag. All are manifestations of a single crisis. As a unifying overview that integrates the data of contemporary woe into a single prospect, Helms's cogently reasoned volume is hard to top.

As Helms supplies the strategic framework, so Crane supplies the tactical ammunition. His book, *The Sum of Good Government* (Green Hill, $1.95), is an arsenal of timely arguments against collectivist practice, demonstrating the superior virtues of the private market system in a dozen different categories. His basic, and incontestable, thesis is that the regulatory and spending bureaucrats are rampaging wildly out of control, and that it is up to the members of Congress as the elected representatives of the people to restore the limits intended by the founders of our system.

CRANE IS by common acknowledgment the most articulate conservative orator in the Congress, and his ready grasp of fact and incisive style of argument are well displayed in the present study. Among the topics on which he supplies a wealth of facts and figures proving regulatory malfeasance or incompetence are quotas, busing, health care, transit, employment, welfare, food stamps, communications, OSHA, the Postal Service, environmental protection, and Social Security—to name a few.

In addition, the Illinois congressman suggests a series of bold initiatives by which we can move from our regimented condition toward a renewal of private enterprise and limited government. Like Helms, he is as fearless as he is persuasive. Both volumes should be mandatory reading for those who want a close-up view of two emerging leaders of American conservatism. □

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Memoirs of My Services in the World War 1917-1918
By George C. Marshall
Houghton Mifflin, 268 pp, $10

BELLUM GALLICUM MARSHALLI

JEFFREY HART

A few years ago I ran across a comment by Gertrude Stein to the effect that some of the purest and best American prose had been written by General Ulysses S. Grant in his *Memoirs*. Nonsense, I exclaimed silently, confident that I had caught Stein, the old poseur, in an obvious canard. I searched out those two fat volumes in the library stacks, pompous-looking and imposing with general's stars on their spines, and began to read the first one. Stein was right! A strong, lucid prose, somewhere between Mark Twain and Hemingway, reminiscent too of Caesar's Latin style and perhaps owing something to it: Grant possessed an unusually clear mental lens through which he steadily, calmly appropriated reality. To a very considerable degree, the prose in George Marshall's memoir of the Great War, written between 1919 and 1923 and discovered in manuscript only after his death, has precisely that quality.

I MYSELF AM a World War I buff. I have taught courses in it and in the literature arising out of it. That was really the Great War, in the sense that it represented a fateful turning-point for Europe and the West. And indeed a sense of fatefulness hangs over these memoirs. When the United States entered it, the war had been going on for two years and nine months. The year 1917 had been catastrophic for the Allies. A quarter of a million Frenchmen had lost their lives in futile assaults upon the Hindenburg line, and the French army had mutinied. A quarter of a million British soldiers died that year in the mud of Passchendaele. Both armies were more or less washed up. The Russians were out, and the Italians would shortly be routed at Caporetto. For better or worse—and I would say worse—American entry prevented a stalemate and guaranteed the eventual defeat of the Central Powers.

In his clear and quietly moving prose, young Major Marshall takes us from the embarkation of the AEF through the great German offensive of 1918 and the climactic and decisive slaughters of the Meuse-Argonne. Here is the embarkation for France at Hoboken: "About 3 A.M. I was standing at the window of the shipping office with the newly appointed commander of the Port of Embarkation watching the endless column of infantry pouring slowly through the courtyard into the covered docks. Except for the shuffle of their feet there was little noise. It was an impressive and forbidding scene." It should have been. This was a time of the breaking of nations.

We are never far in this book from a keen realization of the high price that was paid. "In the matter of lieutenants . . . we were especially fortunate. Each of the training camps had been called upon to select the best fifteen or twenty candidates for immediate overseas service. . . . I have never seen more splendid looking men and it makes me very sad to realize that most of them were left in France. . . . I recall crossing over to New York on the government ferry with nine of them, each with a bride. I never learned of the career of two of these officers, but I do know that each of the other seven was killed fighting in the First Division."

After a U-Boat–haunted crossing, the AEF convoy arrives at the mouth of the Loire River. "A vessel looking much like an old Ohio River tug came out to meet us and proved to be a French gunboat." Ashore, it "was a beautiful sunny morning and the green hill slopes and little cottages gave us all an agreeable impression of what France was to be." But in the town, "most of the women were in mourning. Very few men were in evidence. There was not a cheer, and the general aspect was that of a funeral."

Marshall's exceptional powers of description provide memorable scenes on the Western Front: "The horizon was dotted with observation balloons, and the air was filled with the roar of guns. . . . To reach the dugout, my French guide conducted me about half a mile through the forest. It was very dark and the roads and trails were jammed with traffic. Guns were firing, apparently from every portion of the woods, and a number of heavy ones were located close to our trail and always seemed to fire just as we were abreast of them." Fans of Eddie Rickenbacker and the Red Baron will enjoy passages like this one: "With the rising of the sun the fog lifted, revealing a cloudless sky literally filled with aeroplanes. On this morning I saw five planes crash. The first one apparently received an accidental hit from a shell coursing through the air on its way from the French artillery to some German position. The plane fell in a vrille, spinning around, tail up. The rays of the sun were reflected on the highly varnished yellow wings with their red, white, and blue markings and gave it the appearance of a falling mallard duck, as it dove into the fog."

MARSHALL'S sensibility is pre-modern in important ways. Extremely intelligent, he lacks the modern sense of irony, itself in part a product of the war. He can say things like, "Our men fought beautifully and viciously and covered themselves with glory." A sentence like that was to be one of the casualties of the Western Front. Nevertheless, modern sensibility or no modern sensibility, I treasure his description of the way the AEF celebrated the Fourth of July, 1917: "At nine-thirty that night . . . we turned on the last feature of our Fourth of July program, firing all of the 7,500 mustard-gas shells into the German lines. This was the Boche's first taste of his own medicine, and caused a tremendous rumpus, various colored flares being sent up all along his front. During the previous five or six days we had averaged about 300 German shells arriving in the sector a day, but as a result of our activities on the Fourth they fired 17,000 at us. . . ."

Grant and Julius Caesar would have admired this prose, to say nothing of Gertrude Stein, and for the student of the Great War, Marshall's *Memoirs* constitute a marvelous literary discovery. □

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The Young Russians
By Georgie Anne Geyer
ETC, 295 pp., $10.50

ANTICIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS

ANNE CRUTCHER

Anybody looking for evidence that Communism cannot remake human nature to the specifications of the founding theorists will find it in Georgie Anne Geyer's extensively documented report on Soviet youth. And anybody who wants to think the opposite will be equally well served.

Miss Geyer is a foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* and, now, a nationally syndicated political columnist. Between 1967 and the early '70s, she spent many months in the Soviet Union, traveling from the Baltic states to Georgia, and from the Ukraine to the Pacific ports of Siberia. Like other Westerners in the USSR, she had Intourist guides and interpreters, but, because she speaks serviceable Russian herself, she was never entirely dependent on the filtering official presence for what she learned about people in the Soviet Union.

To nobody's surprise, what Miss Geyer found there was a great deal of dissatisfaction, both articulate and inarticulate, with Soviet life. It manifests itself through the underground newspapers that maintain their perilous existence all over the country, and through covert listening to the BBC and the Voice of America. Some of it is expressed in the vague anti-materialism and ethical gropings of people forced by a submerged tradition to reinvent religion for themselves. Some of it has brought young people back to the old orthodoxies—Christian, Jewish, and Moslem.

But, as Miss Geyer points out, a lot of what passes for spiritual questing in the USSR is no more than a protest against the dull and brutish quality of life in a society that dropped refinement and sophistication on principle and is left with statistics and vodka and barnyard jokes. What many young Russians want more than they want God is Civilization. They are disappointed less by the lack of what, after all, the system never promised than by the lack of what it did promise—material well-being seasoned with liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Consumer goods are shoddy and scarce for all but the elite because, in the workers' state, nobody works hard or well. Workers are short on craftsmanship and job morale, and their labor is the more inefficient because the USSR's politicized economic planning tends toward bureaucratic chaos. The vanguard of the proletariat has become a new ruling class of party functionaries with every kind of privilege, from Western consumer luxuries to guarantees that their children will enter the elite. The whole structure of inequality is both flaunted and hidden: high walls and trees hide the well-equipped VIP beach houses, but there is a special lane in the center of the street for VIP limousines to speed to them. Meanwhile, workers' children generally don't get either caviar or higher education.

The system is maintained less by terror than when Stalin was alive, but Gestapo techniques are still prevalent enough to militate against fraternity. Crowded into the shabby apartments where they live and the collectives where they work, people mistrust each other too much to achieve very readily the consoling intimacies. Trying, as many of them do, to "stay out of politics," they repress important aspects of their personalities and, all too often, come close to other human beings only through vodka. Soviet drunkenness is apparently no myth.

AMONG THE more affirmative incongruities is the fact that the Soviet Union—a country that claims to have the ultimate scientific explanations for history, human nature, and the structure of society—is finally making a few shaky first steps toward the actual study of these subjects. Psychiatry is still chiefly a cattle prod for dissidents, and scientific sociology a furtive offshoot of socialist dogma, but the Soviets are making new ventures into opinion-surveying that evince an incipient willingness to look at human nature inductively instead of finding out about it from Marx and Lenin.

And yet, as this book persuasively indicates, the final paradox remains: while the Soviet system alienates its citizens by thwarting so many basic human impulses, it succeeds to a striking degree in socializing them to accept both the abstract values it wants to inculcate and the palpable authority it needs to exert. This means that even the dissidents most courageous in opposing Soviet tyranny are likely to be thinking of it in terms of revolution betrayed. Even those who want a transition to something like Western democracy remain committed to the idea of a government-run economy. Not many people of *any* age have the intellectual and psychic fortitude to carry the implications of their dissatisfaction to Solzhenitsyn's conclusions; most have simply not thought beyond their rejection of their everyday life.

How has the Soviet system done it? By all-out indoctrination from the nursery school on: rote learning, the repression of ambiguities, constant adult manipulation of group pressures on the child. The Soviet Union is a country where they still think that the first responsibility of the school is to build character. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE TIME OF ILLUSION, *by Jonathan Schell (Knopf, 392 pp., $10).* Mr. Schell's central thesis is that Watergate was brought on by Vietnam, which in turn was brought on by the Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon theory of "credibility"—that is, if you rule out the use of nuclear weapons, you must make credible your willingness to wield power by engaging successfully and whenever necessary in limited wars. The antiwar movement seemed set on destroying American credibility, and it was against this movement that Nixon declared war. Schell argues the credibility thesis convincingly. When he pushes beyond it, however, his own credibility suffers. He asserts, for instance, that Nixon and his men were out to destroy the Constitution, but his definition of constitutional destruction includes cutting back on social spending, and the constitutional exercise of the presidential veto. His political views are similarly out of focus. He gives undue credit for the Republican landslide in '72 to those limited and rather ineffectual "dirty tricks," and fails to come to grips with the real cause of Democratic defeat—the startling political ineptitude of Muskie and McGovern. And on the machinations of the Nixonians, he is less than convincing. He shows them as men who appeared to do much but actually accomplished little, stumbling almost accidentally from one position to another. Yet he also tells us that these directionless men of little action and less substance masterminded and

(Continues on page 47)

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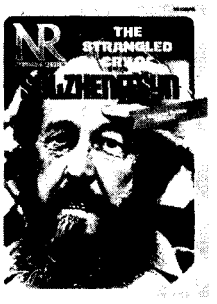

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McDONALD

(Continued from page 37)

think, and like their readers to think, that they are appreciated as they deserve. Naturally, people who don't take appropriate pains to treat journalists as "real" and significant individuals tend to pay later in print, where a slighted writer is always tempted to make himself consequential indeed to the interviewee.

A lot of the chemistry is outside the interviewee's control, though. Norman Mailer was apparently so smitten by Carter that he reserved all cynicism for himself. But fleeting infatuation doesn't always work in an interviewee's favor, because writers know that in the end they're supposed to be perspicacious rather than kind. They may fall briefly under the sway of their subjects, then feel suckered or silly as they spin back into a more distant, professional orbit. They may rue a chatty session and withdraw coolly at the typewriter; or they may resent having been out-foxed by a "pro" interviewee and reassert their mastery with extravagant force in print. And all that's before the editors do their work. Simply deleting the questions or the frame of the conversation and leaving disembodied responses can be a delicate (often unwitting) form of character assassination. Readers seldom get to see the wooing—only the indiscretions of subjects who've been seduced.

CELEBRITIES tend to learn after a few chastening experiences that interviews are a no-win situation. The sorrowful refrain goes something like, "And I thought he liked me!" The truth often is: he did. It's not that journalists are any more disloyal, capricious, vain, or unkind than anyone else. It's that they're exactly like everyone else, only bound by the odd nature of their profession, which requires them to use (and abuse) instant intimacy for impersonal ends.

Mailer's refracted view of Carter is, typically, a self-portrait (Mailer in the act of reacting) but, as such, is not without all redeeming social value. Even if he was too enamoured to deliver "the real" Jimmy Carter in a nutshell, as promised, he did intimate something about "the real" nature of interviews. In that respect, the article was a little like one of those stylish see-through watches that show you the mechanical innards of the time-keeping process and, incidentally, the time. □

BRIEFS

(Continued from page 45)

nearly succeeded in carrying out the most diabolical plot in our history. Somehow, not quite credible. JOHN R. COYNE JR.

ERIK H. ERIKSON: *The Power and Limits of a Vision, by Paul Roazen (The Free Press, 246 pp., $8.95).* Paul Roazen is a Toronto political scientist with a fetish for writing books critical of Dr. Sigmund Freud and his followers. Erik Erikson is a follower of Freud who likes to look on neurosis' bright side, seeing life as a cycle of eight stages, the most famous of which is the identity crisis, a concept greatly comforting to troubled sophomores everywhere. Erikson is also the popularizer of "psycho" as a prefix, and his psychohistory *Young Man Luther* is justifiably praised, at least (or especially) for its "psycho" parts. Professor Roazen, who is predictably more interested in defining the limits than the power of Erikson's vision, does manage to come up with some real dirt: he finds, for instance, that "marriage, heterosexuality, and the raising of children are unquestionably part of what [Erikson] takes the good life to consist of." Roazen even asks the "troubling question" whether Erikson "has not served in the end to reinforce the social status quo." "Erikson," he charges, "may have fallen into both utopianism and conservatism"—Russell Kirk all over again. Finally, although "Erikson can acknowledge that America in recent years has behaved as a technological pseudo-species in trying to annihilate so-called less advanced peoples," during the Vietnamese "disaster" Erikson (and this is the most damning fact) "remained publicly silent and aloof from the antiwar movement." But then, so did Freud. The reactionary aspects of the psychoanalytic movement (it started in Victorian times, you know) have not yet been fully explored, but the message of Professor Roazen's latest book is clear: the next time the United States military opposes Communists, psychohistorians had better watch their step.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Report from the Pearl Harbor Committee to Keep One's Eyes on the Russian Fleet

On The Right

New York, Dec. 14—What would you do if you were the Secretary of the Navy, and found yourself visiting Pearl Harbor on the 7th of December? Why, you would strike a blow for liberty—by writing a letter to the *New York Times*. That is what the Honorable J. William Middendorf II did, anyway, en route to the Antarctic on his farewell tour of duty. That epistle to the heathens was published on the same day that Henry Kissinger, in his farewell tour of duty to Europe, cautioned against letting down our guard in NATO.

What prompted Mr. Middendorf to write was a strange editorial in the *New York Times*, hailing the "good news" that the Russians have successfully MIRVed their submarine ballistic missiles. Now this has to be stated plainly in order to be understood, because the *New York Times* editorial page is not, repeat not, written by Communists. Their reasoning is based on the so-called Disequilibrium Doctrine, which holds that superpowers are best off when approximately equal in strength. If it should happen (the doctrine goes on) that one superpower achieved, or threatened to achieve, decisive superiority, why then the underdog, or prospective underdog, might reason that this is his last chance—and go to war, undertaking a pre-emptive strike. By this analysis, so long as Moscow didn't have MIRVed missiles in its submarines, but *we* had MIRVed missiles in *our* submarines, some people in Moscow would be whispering that the United States' decisive advantage should be taken out in a first strike.

Secretary Middendorf wonders whether it isn't time for a little good news in the opposite direction. He points out that the Soviet Union has just finished equipping its *Kiev*-class aircraft carriers with vertical-takeoff-and-landing aircraft. More, the Russians have developed a new missile for their *Delta*-class submarines. These missiles have a 4,200-mile range and, in the words of the Secretary of the Navy, "can reach every city in the United States from the home waters of the Soviet fleet."

Nor is that all. The Russians are developing a civil defense program designed to shelter "a major portion of their urban population." By contrast, our own civil defense programs consist of one concrete cellar in Pocantico Hills, installed by Governor Rockefeller in the late Fifties when he was trying to interest everybody in home shelters. Instead, we developed ten years later an anti-ballistic missile, authorized its deployment by a majority of one Senate vote—then abandoned the whole idea, in Moscow, in 1972, promising, via SALT I, never to do it again. We reverted to the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction, properly nicknamed *MAD*. Secretary Middendorf closes his communication by reminding us that the U.S. fleet has 40 per cent fewer ships at sea than at the time of Pearl Harbor.

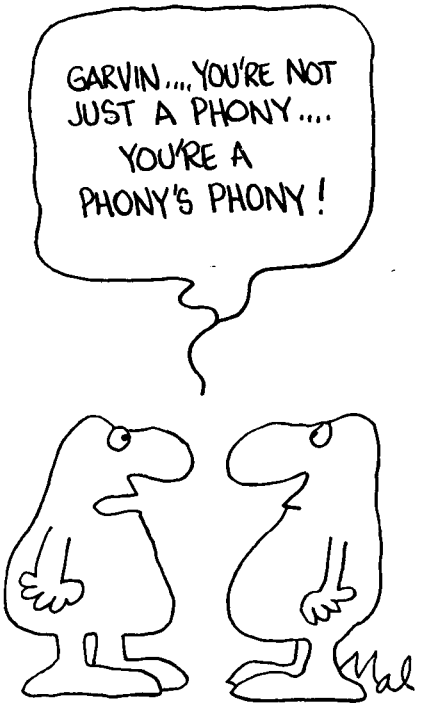
Mr. Kissinger, in Brussels, was reacting to a proposal by the Soviet Union in two parts: 1) The NATO countries and the Warsaw Pact countries should pledge that, in a combat situation, neither side would take the initiative in using atomic bombs. And 2) the two alliances would further pledge not to admit any new members. What's wrong with that is 1) the preponderant military strength in Europe is theirs, not ours, so that an exchange of such a pledge would merely have the effect of guaranteeing Soviet military victory on the ground in Europe; and 2) Spain is being considered as a prospective NATO partner, whereas there are no prospective Warsaw Pact countries, unless Brezhnev decides on another military conquest, or Italy goes Communist. The British Foreign Minister, Mr. Anthony Crosland, was more direct than Mr. Kissinger. He apparently denounced the Soviet proposal to his colleagues as "cheap propaganda."

Surely Mr. Carter, in his first State of the Union message, should address himself to the feverish military activity of the Soviet Union? Who are they arming themselves against? Is there any prospective "good news" at this end of the military world? Why is the burgeoning strength of the Soviet Union of such little apparent concern to us, or to Western Europe? How is it that the defense of Europe, on which, year after year, less and less money is spent as a percentage of the Gross National Product of Europe, is so far from the thought of a continent that knows the horror of war, and the superior horror of servitude, from such bitter experiences during this century? And, finally, will Henry Kissinger go on to write the definitive account of the dangers of detente? □

TOUGHING IT OUT IN TAIWAN

New York, Dec. 6—In Washington, at mid-week, a day-long conference of American scholars, diplomats, and journalists focused on the question, "The United States and China after Mao." They were bound by the conviction that the United States ought not to fall for the old "normalization" line, so attractive to Democrats propelled by the inertial impulses of their own slogans. It was an impressive affair, by all accounts; and, in intensity of conviction and enthusiasm for its point of view, testimony to the fact that the old anti-Chinese-Communist coalition is not quite dead.

The root of the intellectual-juridical problem is the Shanghai Communiqué of 1972. This was promulgated, you will re-



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member, after several all-night sessions in Peking and Hangchow between President Nixon and Chou En-lai. What the Shanghai Communiqué said was that all of China (meaning, the Mainland and Taiwan) is one country; and that interference in the internal affairs of a country (not counting Vietnam, Korea, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and Germany) will not be tolerated. The unofficial American interpretation of this was that it would not interfere in our relations with Taiwan, since international declarations of this character tend not to upset de facto accommodations of long standing. But the Chinese and more importantly the Chinese lobby in the United States took the declaration to mean a mandate for instant normalization. Normalization defined as ditching Taiwan, by terminating our defense treaty and withdrawing our diplomatic representation.

It is a curious phenomenon we see in America, where it would appear that many of our diplomats and poets dream at night about the unification of China. Not since Garibaldi stirred all of Europe with his passion for the unification of Italy has there been anything comparable. There are others of us who manage whole weeks at a time caring not at all if Taiwan and Peking follow their separate ways, but we are perhaps untouched by that idealistic compulsion. One wonders why Senator Mansfield and others spend less time dreaming about the unification of Germany, or Korea—but there is no doubt that their dreams constitute an important datum in American political life.

NOW, THE CONSENSUS of the conference in Washington is that Mainland China desires far less ardently than the United States that unification. At meeting after meeting between Chinese plenipotentiaries and the American Secretary of State, the matter of Taiwan has been listed deep down in the agenda, packaged with problems that receive only cursory attention. The assumption is this, that if the United States were to desert Taiwan, there would be no excuse left for failure by the Mainland to attempt to take it over by military force. But since this would require an amphibious operation on a great scale, it might not prove to be worth the cost, and the effects of it on world opinion would be unpredictable. Besides which, presumably the whole operation could be aborted at any moment by the simple act of a declaration of independence by Taiwan. This could of course be managed at any moment.

And then looked at the other way around: What would we concretely achieve by turning Taiwan over to the Mainland? Our diplomatic representative in Peking is not that impatient for promotion to the rank of Ambassador to China. His ascendancy would not, in any event, mean access to secrets of Chinese life which we need to have in order to spare ourselves a third world war. Fully accredited diplomatic installations maintained by Western European countries are as much at sea as we in trying to understand the drift of affairs in China. The disposition of the Chinese to amiability toward the United States reflects one single consideration: Are we tough enough and strong enough to provide a counterweight to Soviet strength? Here we have the subtlest consideration of them all. Although by yielding Taiwan we would be accommodating China, in doing so we would reveal that weakness in character which would make us less estimable, strategically, in the eyes of the Chinese. Thus all the arguments, let alone the moral arguments, call on us to stay. It is nice, every now and then, to hear it said: Yankee, welcome. □

ONE FOR PINOCHET

New York, Dec. 10—Several weeks ago, the General Assembly of the United Nations ground out a routine denunciation of Chile, listing eight human rights denied there to Chilean citizens. The rebuke was sponsored by several dozen nations, including such exemplary guardians of civil liberty as Algeria, Cuba, East Germany, Mongolia, Mozambique, Yugoslavia, and Mali. "Oh Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence!" Nobody has improved on Sir Walter Scott's scornful dismissal of hypocrisy.

But the hypocrisy of the United Nations is no more remarkable than a birthmark. It did happen, though, that within a week the Chilean junta issued a remarkable and highly welcome proclamation. Chile announced that, forthwith, it would release all its "detainees" except for 18, who would be released only under specified conditions. Here is what all this means, and what the fascinating conditions are:

Although it is impossible to arrive at exact figures, it would appear that there are about one thousand Chileans in jail for crimes or alleged crimes that can be construed as political. For instance, if during the uprising of September 1973 you had grabbed a gun and shot one of the people demonstrating against Allende, that can be construed as a political crime, though on a slightly different level from the crime of, say, publishing seditious pamphlets.

According to the junta, 608 of its political prisoners have been tried, found guilty, and are serving terms for concrete criminal acts, never mind if the governing passions were political. Of the balance, half are under indictment, scheduled for trial. The other half are the so-called "detainees." It is these that Chile has released, and should be applauded for doing so. Unhappily, there is a greater appetite to find something in Chile to criticize (and there is plenty) than to applaud, even signs of the liberalization of Chilean life. Some of the unhappiest people I know are those who are witnessing the democratization of Spain. They loved it best during those years when they could rail against Franco, and pass around Spanish refugee collection plates. So here is a round of applause for Pinochet, plus the reminder that he has a way yet to go.

NOW CONCERNING the 18 remaining detainees, Pinochet has come up with a remarkable ploy. He will trade the liberty of his Communists for the liberty of individual "detainees" in the Soviet Union and Cuba, and right away he listed two: Luis Corvalan, the Al Capone of the Chilean Communist set, Pinochet will trade off for Vladimir Bukovsky, a dissident intellectual whose victimization the Sakharov Committee in Copenhagen has been deploring for a long time. And for Jorge Montes, another high-ranking Communist, Pinochet desires the liberation of Huberto Matos, who has been 15 years in jail in Cuba, having been sentenced by Havana's John Sirica. Neither the government of the Soviet Union nor the government of Cuba—both of which exercised themselves at great length at the United Nations in October 1973 when it was thought that Corvalan's life was in danger—has been heard from.

Now the idea of the hostage is not appealing, viewed in the abstract. A man's liberty ought not to depend on the disposition of third parties. But both Corvalan and Montes, inasmuch as they are Communists in good standing, were involved in crimes against the liberty of the Chilean people, and no doubt could be brought to trial and sentenced to life in prison. By contrast, both Bukovsky and Matos fought non-violently, for human freedom.

Who else than Pinochet is putting pressure on the Cubans and the Soviet Union to perform humane acts? Why don't our diplomats in the United Nations take up the Chilean proposal and run with it? Surely it is a natural for Amnesty International, which on the whole is impartially concerned to relieve prisoners of conscience? Pinochet has come up with a remarkable idea, an outgrowth of a proposal first made in 1974, but largely ignored. Perhaps Mr. Kissinger can be persuaded to endorse the proposal before leaving office. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. To steal goods from a store — 6 169 94 154 171 143 177 33

B. Boxing at close range — 17 13 197 83 138 148 182 102 111 173

C. Epithet of one of the apostles — 11 126 202 96 146 170 82

D. Limited to a single occasion — 22 84 55 105 152 141 200

E. An English conspirator (1649-1705) — 63 76 175 153 159

F. The law or decree proposed by the Roman consuls or tribunes — 90 161 140 35 178 118 176 113

G. An exhalation or smell — 101 115 97 163 121 88 129 23 64

H. The capital of Tibet — 117 174 52 36 191

I. A human joint — 3 49 21 39 147

J. A dogma of the Christian religion — 51 44 184 144 58 77 198 80 195 25 29

K. Lack of vitality — 60 18 205 108 104 139

L. GOOD NIGHT INN — 67 186 61 16 56 53 114 158 164 172 192 14

M. A London art gallery — 85 110 24 48

N. The breast of an arrow — 28 179 68 37 187

O. To emphasize — 2 12 19 26 98 31 74 62 81

P. A river in Europe + a chief justice of the United States = an imitation gem — 40 155 99 150 109 59 103 136 142 166

Q. Unpleasant to look at — 42 135 162 100 183 69 86 47 65 78

R. Checked against — 46 38 70 4 9 89 95

S. A residence — 57 50 119 87 34 156 130 168

T. What *National Review* wishes all its readers (and advertisers!) — 92 27 30 71 41 54 204 157 66 43 1 190 73 107

U. A type size — 133 193 10 123 203

V. Polish applied to footwear — 151 201 5 194 32 132 112 137 180

W. A weasel — 181 7 93 20 15

X. What Tom, the piper's son, was (the pig squealed on him) — 185 188 124 199 160

Y. Remote — 196 116 134 120 79 45 145 149 165 127 91

Z. Struck violently — 122 8 125 206 189 167

a. This was used in making home brew — 72 75 106 128 131

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 46 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 T	2 O	3 I		4 R	5 V	6 A	7 W		8 Z	9 R	10 U	11 C	12 O	13 B	14 L		15 W
16 L	17 B	18 K	19 O		20 W	21 I	22 D	23 G	24 M		25 J	26 O	27 T		28 N	29 J	30 T	31 O	32 V
33 A	34 S	35 F	36 H		37 N	38 R	39 I	40 P	41 T		42 Q	43 T		44 J	45 Y	46 R		47 Q	48 M
49 I	50 S	51 J	52 H	53 L	54 T	55 D		56 L	57 S		58 J	59 P		60 K	61 L		62 O	63 E	64 G
65 Q		66 T	67 L		68 N	69 Q	70 R	71 T	72 a		73 T	74 O	75 a		76 E	77 J	78 Q		79 Y
80 J	81 O	82 C		83 B	84 D	85 M	86 Q		87 S	88 G	89 R	90 F	91 Y		92 T	93 W	94 A	95 R	
96 C	97 G		98 O	99 P	100Q	101G		102B	103P		104K	105D		106a	107T		108K	109P	110M
111B	112V	113F	114L	115G	116Y	117H		118F	119S		120Y	121G	122Z		123U	124X	125Z	126C	
127Y	128a		129G	130S		131a	132V	133U	134Y		135Q	136P	137V	138B	139K	140F	141D		142P
143A	144J	145Y	146C		147I	148B	149Y	150P		151V	152D	153E	154A	155P	156S	157T	158L	159E	
160X	161F	162Q	163G	164L	165Y	166P	167Z		168S	169A	170C		171A	172L	173B	174H	175E		176F
177A		178F	179N	180V		181W	182B	183Q	184J		185X	186L		187N	188X	189Z		190T	191H
192L	193U	194V	195J		196Y	197B		198J	199X	200D	201V	202C	203U	204T	205K	206Z			

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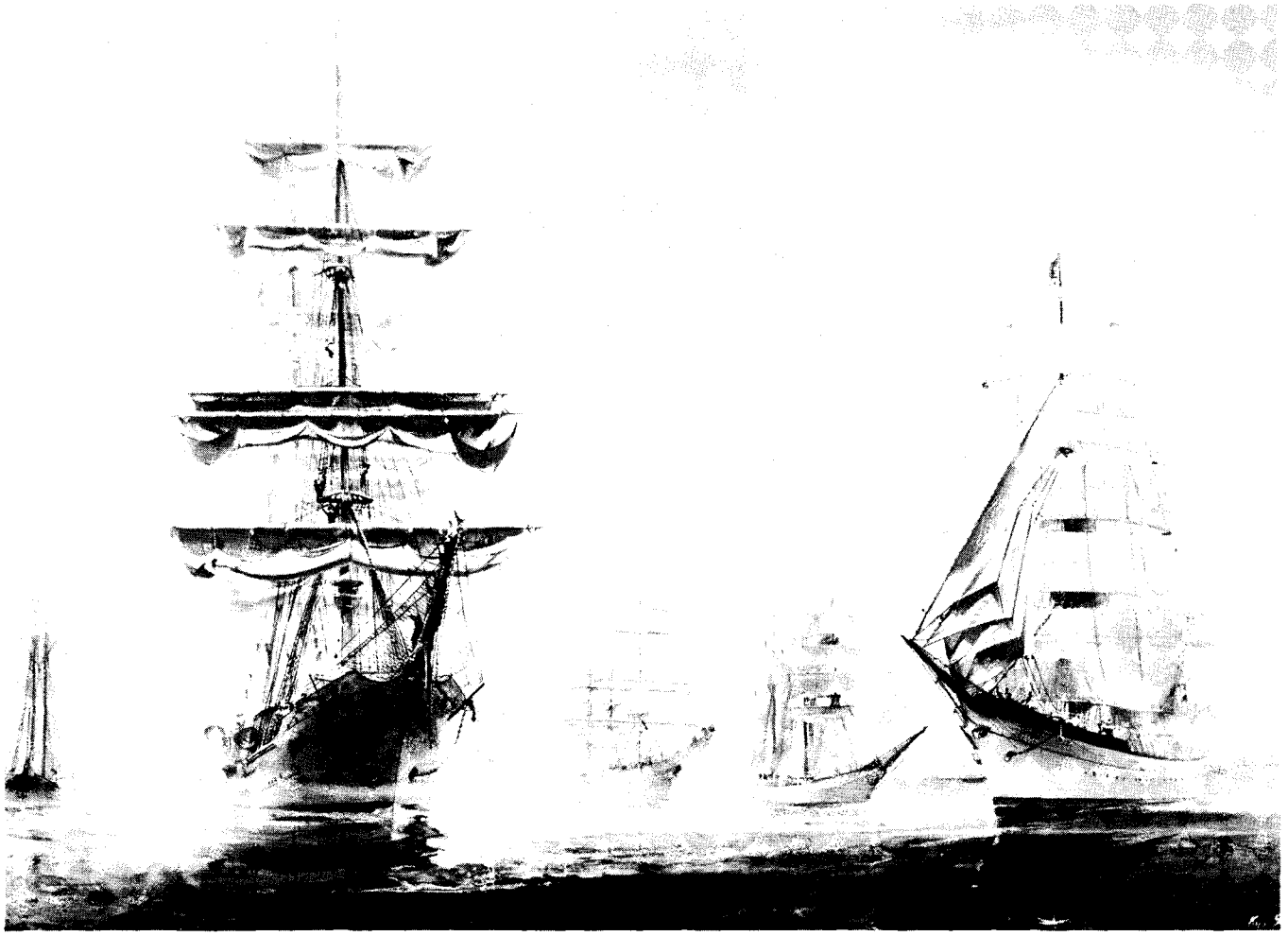

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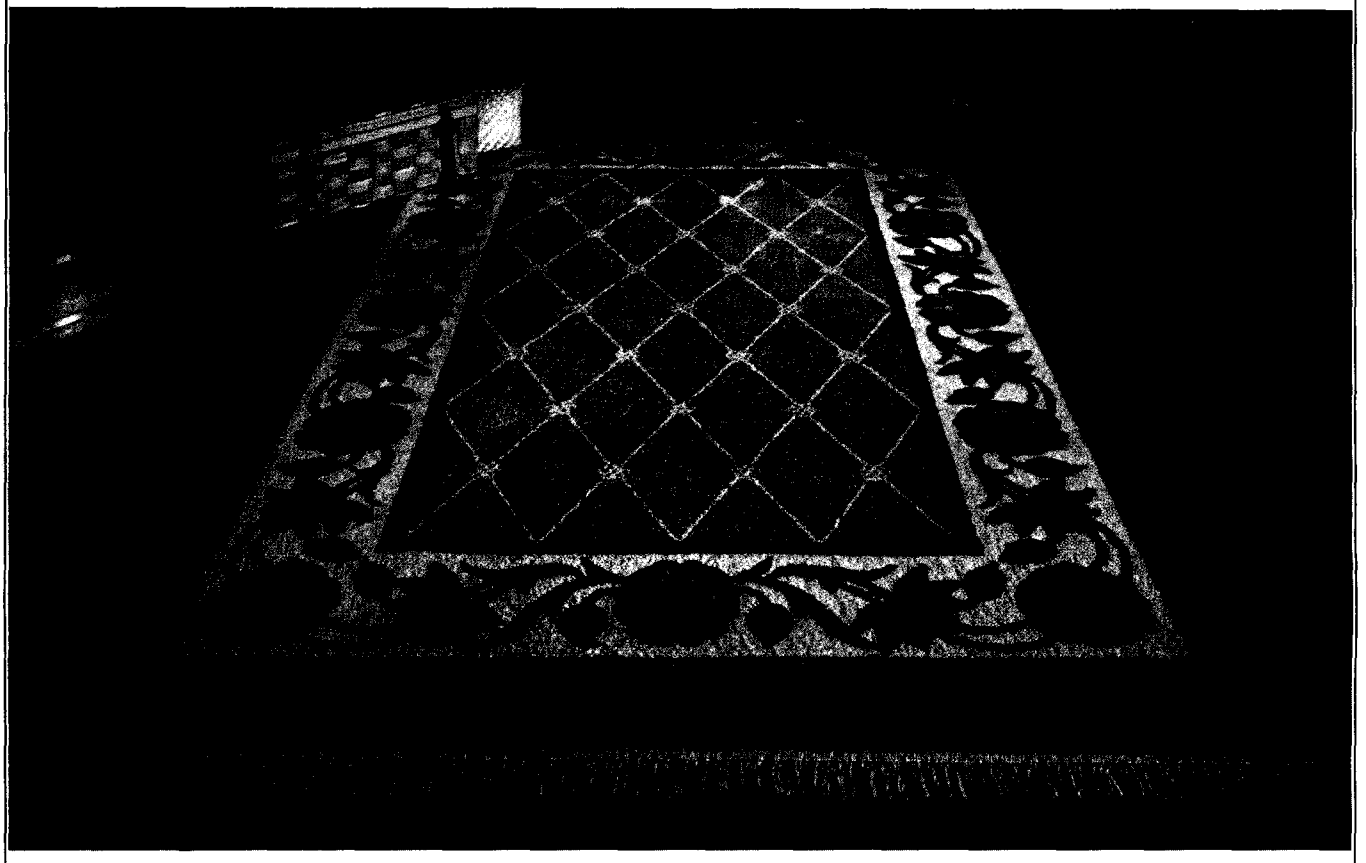

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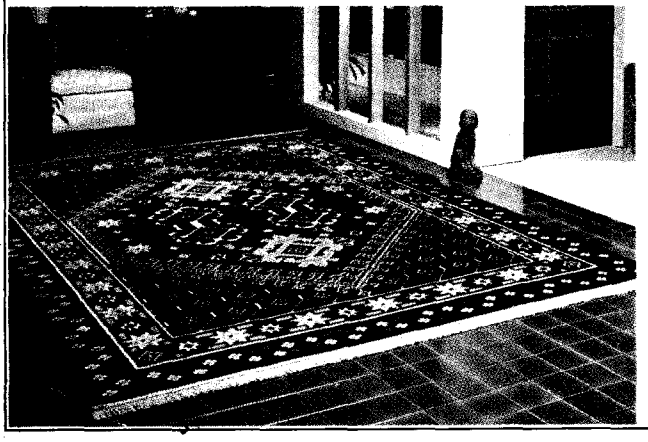
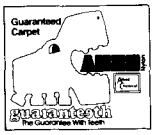
That's why you'll want to make one of them your area rug.

Take the Lorraine, for example. It's a simple, but elegant 18th century French design. And it comes in rich, deep antique colors of Grey, Coral, Celadon, Blue and Brown.



Then there's the Mazagan. A stylized Moroccan rug that will remind you of the ones that are woven by the nomadic tribes of North Africa. It comes in Rabat Red, Oran Orange, Marakesh Black, Berber Brown and Mogodor Green.

Both rugs are made from 100% Anso Nylon, with a five year wear guarantee. And you can get them in 4x6, 6x9 and 9x12 sizes.



They're beautiful enough to hang in a gallery. And priced low enough to put on your floor.

Milliken area rugs. The most affordable works of art you've ever seen. Or stepped on.

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